

The Leader.

"The one Idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the Idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—*Humboldt's Cosmos.*

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1853.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

News of the Week.

PECULIARLY dull in novelties, the news of the week has still its strong points of interest on the old topics. In fact, the only novelty is the fog of Tuesday night, the first of the winter season. But although a fog is an exciting sport when you are detained in a creeping cab or omnibus, with demon link-boys rushing and flaring around you, to help you to lose your way, or to bewilder your hopes of finding it, comment is superfluous. Novelty as it is, those who saw and felt it don't require a description; while no description could give any countryman an idea of that portentous phenomenon, a London fog.

We put no faith in omens; yet the fog did follow the Peace Congress like a huge exhalation to damp the national ardour. The Manchester conferrings ended with a grand trio, on Friday week, in which Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. Cobden, and Mr. Bright, successively performed a concerted piece with admirable skill. Mr. Gibson, the gallant yachtsman, quite demolished the idea that Cherbourg was intended for a fortress—a naval stronghold! No; the execution of Napoleon's grand idea was to produce simply a breakwater, thus affording shelter in a storm for ships of all the nations in the world. So that the Gauls are not a warlike people, after all, but eminently peace-loving and charitable. Mr. Cobden informs us that he will resist unprovoked aggression: a comfortable admission; and that he will oppose any and every Ministry bent on increasing our armaments. But it strikes us this is the shattered policy of the Irish Brigade; the cause for which Smith O'Brien suffered in the cellar, and for which John O'Connell was to have died on the floor. Mr. Cobden menaces Lord Aberdeen with a Parliamentary Thermopyle, in which he will play the Leonidas of Peace against the Premier's Xerxes. We shall see. The general tone of Mr. Cobden's speech was in bad taste, and arrogantly incorrect, especially his disquisition on France. Not so Mr. Bright, who is certainly increasing his reputation for statesmanlike views. The best points in Mr. Bright's speech were those in which he pointed out that neither "security" for England, nor freedom for Europe, have followed from the war ending in 1815, although it has cost so much; and where he described what he would do, were he Minister. He would have the "most

destructive" implements, the best ships, and the highest efficiency in all we have. This is sensible. We have long noted how steadily Mr. Bright is, as a "possible" politician, outstripping Mr. Cobden.

The Peace Conference more decidedly sets forth the real question—national defence or national insecurity. We have no fear for the result. One of the most striking signs of the set of public opinion, as well as one of the most notable instances of the independence of our journalism, has been displayed by the *Daily News*. Usually regarded as the organ of Manchester, that journal, nevertheless, courageously printed, on Wednesday, the ablest, most elevated, and most exhaustive reply to the "1793 and 1853" pamphlet that has yet appeared. Mr. Cobden's shallow philosophy, his omissions, his confusions, and intrepid inaccuracies, both in facts and conclusions, are exposed with a calm, fervid power and relentlessness, not often met with in newspaper literature.

Parliament assembles next week, and the probabilities of an early discussion of the all-absorbing question of national defence every day increase. The treatment of this question will be the touchstone of the ministerial policy.

Among the most remarkable of the minor signs of the times, is the effort of workmen of all kinds to get higher pay—not only shipwrights, colliers, factory operatives, and mechanics, but even the agricultural labourers have shown a disposition to have their share of the general prosperity. The labourers of South Wilts have struck for an advance of two shillings; and although their wages would then be only nine shillings, yet the difference is considerable for them. In conjunction with this subject we have the Quarterly Return of the Registrar General, showing that emigration, last year, went on at the rate of a thousand a day; while the increase of the population is somewhat under that. But we must remember that many Germans emigrate from our ports; and it is still probable, the Registrar concludes, that the increase is a little above the decrease. Another striking point is the enormous increase in the number of marriages in the summer quarter; and the gradual increase in the matrimonial averages during the last seven years.

The working men have held a well-organized representative meeting at St. Martin's-hall, in favour of opening the Crystal Palace on Sundays. This sets at rest for ever the question whether the working classes are favourable to the project; and is

a conspicuous testimony that they prefer the refinements of the Crystal Palace to the coarse and degrading pleasures of the gin-palace, or the luxuries of adulterated liquors at suburban taverns. Mr. Mayhew's controversial vindication was able, but it may be doubted whether his more recondite illustrations were not a little above concert pitch. His championship, however, stamped this collective and calm demonstration with reality, and his historical and patristic authorities were no doubt aimed at the more learned Judaizers in the pulpits. If we may judge by the quality of the "religious" tracts delivered at the doors, Mr. Mayhew and his coadjutors enjoy all the learning, all the common sense, and all the logic of the question without fear of competition.

The Emperor is married at last, and after that magnificent ceremonial, which for *mise en scène* seems to have surpassed all former efforts of the Imperial manager, he has retired to the seclusion of sweet St. Cloud, to seek a moment's escape from the fatal tyranny of his fatalist Star, in the lap of beauty, and in the luxury of loving smiles. If the holy stream of human happiness flow for this man too, why, let him shake his fevered lips as if he were not styled Napoleon III. The *Times* attests that change in the character of the French people which our correspondent remarked months ago, and now again records: the sullen, reserved moroseness, we mean, where once you would have found reckless frolic and *Vive la bagatelle*! There was not a spark of enthusiasm in the Parisian crowd last Sunday. The winning beauty of the Empress passed unheeded as the trappings of the imperial equipages, save where curious women smiled in tearful sympathy upon the "very woman" who had dared to win a diadem.

Whatever may be the opinion here in England of the French Emperor, certain it is that our countrymen are treated with especial consideration at the Imperial Court, and we see the consequence in a letter addressed to our Open Council this week. The writer goes to Notre Dame, chats with the Emperor's intimates, and returns an ardent and enthusiastic convert to the great Adventurer's cause. Such are the dissolving influences of Notre Dame and the Tuileries.

The Press seems to be slowly recovering some portion of its liberty: by learning to "say everything when saying nothing," it has proved a more dangerous enemy in the hands of skilful writers, than the licence of unprincipled publicists.

Russia and Austria are watching intently the Eastern coast of the Adriatic. The struggle between the indomitable mountaineers and the Turkish Generals is as far from an issue as ever. The accounts of the savage contest are conflicting and confused; but as yet they decidedly favour the Montenegrins. Turkey is altogether in a very critical position. Austria is imperious in her exigencies, and threatens an active support of the persecuted Christians. Russia, too, cannot look on indifferently. All this time "England" has no voice at Constantinople, however dearly we may pay for an ambassador to the Court of the Sultan.

On Monday Dr. Newman appeared in the Queen's Bench to receive the judgment of the court, before which his counsel were allowed to urge in his favour those mitigatory circumstances which we mentioned here last week. Affidavits showing that he had no personal knowledge of, and could have therefore no personal malice towards Achilli, were put in, as also were medical certificates showing the state of the "criminal's" health to be such, that to imprison would be to murder him. Further affidavits showing that the defendant believed he had reason for bringing his charges against the prosecutor, were also received, notwithstanding the strenuous objections of Sir F. Thesiger. The Attorney-general, and Mr. Serjeant Wilkins, and the other Counsel for the defence, then addressed the court in mitigation of punishment, and Sir F. Thesiger, notwithstanding his assurance that Dr. Achilli had already "most triumphantly vindicated himself," in aggravation. Mr. Justice Coleridge, as senior puisne judge, then pronounced the sentence, a fine of 100*l.*, in a lengthy speech, taken up principally with professions of his own belief, and exhibiting, on the whole, a suspicious over-anxiety to obtrude upon this public occasion the assurance of his life-long attachment to the Church of England. He expressed himself satisfied that Dr. Newman believed all that he had said, and was incapable, indeed, of uttering or publishing what he knew to be false or untrue, and that he had been actuated by no feeling of personal malice towards Achilli. The sentence was received with laughter: its absurd inadequacy to the alleged offence, and the incongruity of so solemnly imposing so ridiculous a fine, being too much for the good manners of the crowd.

Another of those interesting little domestic dramas which only *carant rate sacro* to make them immortal, turned up on Thursday, when the "Leading Journal" was requested by Maria Potts, of 115, Warwick-street, Ecclestone-square, to be kind enough to inform all Europe that she was the "lawful wife" of Mr. Potts, and that the lady about whom he quarrelled with Mr. Burgess, and appeared so chivalrously at Bow-street the other day, had not that agreeable honour. This is what the penny-a-liners call "important, if true." But who is Potts? The case, it will be remembered, was heard at Bow-street, when it appeared that whilst the alleged Mrs. Potts was awaiting Richard Ormerod Potts's exit from his club, Mr. Burgess paid her his impromptu addresses, and that as the injured protector came up during his demonstrations, what began in amiability ended in an assault.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LETTER LVIII.

Paris, February 1, 1853.

DECIDEDLY the 2nd of December has transformed the French character. For the first time in his life Jacques Bonhomme walks; the national disposition seems to have undergone a complete revolution. More than a million of eyes beheld all the splendour, all the dazzling glories of the Imperial *cortège* pass by, and not a voice was raised in all that crowd to shout *Vive l'Empereur*, scarcely a voice to cry *Vive l'Impératrice*. You may be well assured that the population must have some more ground ranking at their heart, some rooted sense of unity, not for that one moment, if for

that moment only, to have departed from their sullen, cold reserve, as they gazed upon the wonders of that magnificent spectacle without emotion and without interest. Almost a million of spectators witnessed with a blank and undemonstrative curiosity, one of those ceremonials in which royalty displays all its pride and all its cost. Such a change in the temper and habit of a nation is surely of no light significance.

If ever there was a *fête* in the world sumptuous in its appointments and lavish in its grandeur, it was the celebration of the religious marriage on Sunday last. All that cumbrous apparatus of monarchy, with its pomp and circumstance—all that sovereign and majestic luxury to which the greater part of the gazers had never been unaccustomed, was made to captivate the eye and to arouse the transports of a people more at ease. The *cortège* was really a noble sight. The liveries, the equipages of the grand officers and dignitaries, all newly worn, were perfect in design, and of rare elegance. The carriages of the Imperial Household were magnificent; that of "their Majesties" of dazzling brilliancy. Nothing has been seen at Paris for the last twenty-eight years comparable to these state carriages, all lined with white satin, surmounted with *galeries* and rich emblems, laden with gold. Colonel Fleury had been over to England, with two draftsmen to take the model of those of your Court. You had to go back to the old Empire, or, at least, to the coronation of Charles X., to retrace the souvenir of these splendid equipages, in which every detail, from the wheels entirely gilt, to the horses richly caparisoned, revealed a marvellous luxury and a fabulous expenditure. The *rococo* style of the Imperial carriage was the only disfigurement among all the fresh and new decorations of the *cortège*. You know well enough the spirit of imitation that reigns in our "highest circle." You know the obstinacy with which the Small copies the Great. The identical carriage that served for the coronation of the great Emperor, took his present Majesty to Notre Dame last Sunday. It was a little *déjetée* (warped), as we say in France, decidedly out of fashion, and *rococo*. The poor old wagon took eight days to furbish up into a condition to make a decent figure in the show; and notwithstanding all the attentions lavished on its toilette, it looked rather faded and worn. An enormous Imperial crown, all gilt and sculptured, surmounted the carriage, which was drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, crowned with plumes of feathers, and nodding crests. The new sovereign was seated on the *left* of the Emperor: all eyes were fixed upon her with an ardent curiosity, and an evident good-will. Her dress was resplendent, and beyond all price. She bore upon her head the diadem of Marie Louise, and under her arms (*sous les aisselles, mode impériale*) the cincture of sapphires and diamonds of Marie Louise!

In this cincture gleamed the famous "Regent" diamond, believed to be the finest in the world. The Empress wore a high dress (*robe montante*) à *basques*, of white velvet *épinglé*, over which fell a robe of lace, which is said to have cost 30,000 francs (1200*l.*). A veil of pointed Alençon lace, of inestimable price, dropped over her shoulders from a *fouillis* of orange flowers and diamonds, disposed with admirable artistic effect. The edges of the *basques* of the Imperial robe were hemmed with diamonds, and the arms flashed with light. Bonaparte wore the uniform of a general-in-chief, with the white *culotte* and *jack boots*. Some said that he only wanted a whip in his hand, to 'make up' a Louis XIV. walking into the *Parlement*, to bring the deputies to their senses. On his shoulders he wore two collars of gold and enamel: that of the *Conception*, of Piedmont; and the Grand Collar of the Legion of Honour—the same that the Emperor Napoleon wore at his coronation. You observe this fidelity to the mania for the old Imperial wardrobe. But as if two decorations were not enough, Bonaparte wore two of the same order. Besides the Collar, he wore the grand *ordon* of the Legion of Honour.

In going to the cathedral the Imperial couple seemed absorbed in silence, and the Emperor not free from disquiet. A ridiculous rumour of a plot to seize him had been current the day before, and extensive military precautions were taken. One half of the troops formed the line of the *cortège*, the other half held Paris. The *cortège* traversed the Place du Carrousel and the Louvre, which were magnificently decorated with immense *corbeilles* of flowers and shrubs; thence it proceeded by the new Rue Rivoli to the Hôtel de Ville. The old municipal palace was profusely decorated, from roof to basement, with thousands of pendants, streamers, and flags. Every window of the Hôtel de Ville was occupied by a crowd of your countrymen, who were known by their whiskers, *en côtelettes de mouton*, and of your countrywomen, distinguished by the Parisian eye for their *toilettes aux couleurs heartées* (of discordant colours).

Every street was laid with gravel, and, in some places, strewn with flowers; every street was adorned with tall Venetian masts, from which streamed long pendants of all colours, of a most picturesque effect. Unfortunately, it cannot be said that the population seconded the efforts of the authorities. No flags adorned private houses. This general abstention lent to the *fête* a purely official character. Notre Dame, in which the marriage was to be celebrated, was surpassingly brilliant in decorations, externally and internally. On the two old towers were raised masts of a prodigious height, from which hung pendants more than four hundred feet long. From the same towers were hanging colossal decorative painted scenes, representing ancient tapestries, on which pages of the history of old France were rudely delineated. An additional porch was thrown out from the grand entrance of the ancient church to the middle of the Place, to receive the Imperial *cortège*. In the interior, vast banners fringed with gold, and bearing the Imperial arms, descended from the lofty windows of the nave down to the gallery, which was adorned by a circular banner of crimson velvet, embroidered with bees, turned up at the sides, and lined with ermine. Immense garlands of decorative flowers ran along the velvet hangings in bold relief. From the whole vault of the roof fell many-coloured oriflammes, embroidered with the arms of all the cities of France. Above all sparkled the blaze of a thousand lustres,—a line of fire beneath a line of all the colours of the rainbow.

The tribunes of the gallery had been converted into amphitheatres, furnished with benches. Below, each side of the church was similarly occupied by estrades throughout the length of the nave. It was on these platforms that the official bodies, the law officers, the military staffs, the high corporations, were seated. Every corps wore the uniform of its grade and of its function. In the centre of the transept, between the nave and the choir, the high altar was raised. All this reminded the spectator of the coronation scene in the *Propète*, for its theatrical effect. Before the altar, a small platform, approached by one step, and entirely covered with a vast carpet of ermine, received the two imperial fauteuils of crimson velvet, fringed with gold lace, cut after the pure style of 1810; and the two *prie-Dieu*, also of velvet, fringed with gold, with cushions to match. An immense dais overhung this double throne and these *prie-Dieu*. This dais was sustained aloft by a gigantic eagle, with outspread wings. At the four corners appeared four smaller eagles. The dais was of green velvet, adorned with golden arabesque, from which hung four gigantic curtains of crimson velvet, spangled with golden bees, and lined with ermine. Hangings of excessive richness separated the Altar from the Choir, which remained vacant. To the right and left of the altar were raised the platforms devoted to the grand bodies of the State and the diplomatic corps. Side by side sat the Papal Nuncio and the Turkish ambassador, and the two representatives of the Cross and the Crescent were observed in friendly conversation during the ceremony. At the foot of the estrades were placed ottomans (*tabourets*) for the Marshals, the Admirals, the Ministers, the Cardinals, the Grand Corps of the Legion of Honour, and the high dignitaries of the clergy.

Towards one o'clock, P.M., the *bourdon* (great bell) of the cathedral announced the approach of the clergy; the assistant masters of the ceremony threw open the grand doors, the Archbishop and his clergy advanced to receive the *cortège*, and to throw incense before the Emperor and the Empress. The Imperial couple appeared, preceded, encompassed, and followed by a flood of high dignitaries and dazzling officers. The scarlet liveries of the *équerries*, the crimson uniforms of the *Préfets du Palais*, the violet dresses of the officers of the Empress relieved the *ensemble* of the picture, presenting a spectacle now only known to the Opera. Every glance and every *lorgnette* was fixed on the Empress; and it was the unanimous opinion of all admitted to the ceremony within the cathedral that her bearing was a happy and graceful union of modesty and dignity. The Emperor giving her his left hand, conducted her to her *fautail*, and took his seat to her right. Then began the mass. When the moment came for the nuptial benediction, the grand master of the ceremonies could not find the marriage ring, and was obliged to borrow one from the Princess Mathilde. The Archbishop blessed the borrowed ring, and put it on the finger of the bride. It was only at the Tuileries that this circumstance was mentioned to Bonaparte, who turned pale at so unfortunate an augury. He had the ring in his own pocket, and had forgotten to hand it over to the grand master of the ceremonies. Some say that the beautiful Spaniard was for a moment affected, and said, "*L'anneau n'a pas été béni, cela*

vous portera malheur." "The ring was not blessed, that will bring us evil fortune."

The religious ceremony lasted little more than an hour. As the Emperor handed his bride to the carriage again he was seen to press her hand tenderly—a movement that everybody remarked with natural interest. The wedding pair looked happier on their return to the palace than on their progress to the church. Bonaparte himself appeared young again with his new happiness. The *cortège* returned to the Tuileries by the Quais of the left bank of the river, the Pont de la Concorde, and the garden of the Tuileries. An immense crowd, which overflowed the city as far as the Place de la Madeleine and the Champs Elysées, thronged this point especially. It has been said that the railways had brought into Paris upwards of 400,000 visitors from the provinces, and from abroad. Soon after he had re-entered the Palace of the Tuileries, Bonaparte appeared with his new bride on the balcony overlooking the Carrousel, to present his Empress to the army. A quarter of an hour afterwards he stood upon the balcony that commands the garden of the Tuileries, giving his hand to the Empress, and with her saluting the crowd. At this moment some cries, and genuine cries I believe, of *Vive l'Impératrice*, were raised in the crowd; but as the cries met with a feeble echo, they soon ceased. A minute after Bonaparte withdrew, and presently left in a chariot for St. Cloud with old Jérôme, Napoleon Jérôme, his son, and the Countess de Montijo, the mother of the Empress.

Yesterday (Monday) Bonaparte did the honours of Versailles to his wife. They dined in the palace of Louis XIV. It has been said in Paris that they remained to sleep there.

The marriage of Bonaparte is in itself an immense event. Independently of the attitude the Emperor has assumed on this occasion with respect to foreign Courts, it may be said to be the commencement of a new era, of a new period in our ephemeral history. Bonaparte may now escape the influence of the sabres that surround him, to suffer a gentler and more humanizing way. It is already affirmed that the two men, *par excellence*, of the 2nd of December, St. Arnaud and Persigny, are to be sacrificed. Persigny, the life and soul, the prime mover, the man of genius, I may say, of Bonapartism, has made a last and desperate effort to retain the influence which he felt to be escaping out of his hands. He endeavoured to place his wife in waiting to the Empress—so as to remain, by this double influence, master of both the Lady and the Lord. His request to this effect was positively declined. Will Persigny retire, dismissed by the ingratitude of the man who but for him, he might say, would still be lounging restlessly about the streets of London? If M. St. Arnaud should also retire, these secessions would have important consequences. If, however, as is possible, Bonaparte softens their dismissal by flattering compensations, the denouement will be less brusque: but the helm no longer being held by a hand of iron, the ship will be likely to miss its course, and fall to pieces on the sunken rocks. Thus say, or feel, certain Bonapartists. To-morrow (Wednesday) there is to be a council of Ministers. Persigny would probably be succeeded by de Morny, the Emperor's brother; St. Arnaud, by General Randon, or Caulmont; M. Drouin de l'Huys, who tried to do the chivalrous with foreign powers, by Count Walewski (son of the great Emperor), and, as you know, now ambassador at the court of London. M. Bineau is spoken of for the governorship of the Bank of France. As he is a devoted servant of Bonaparte, he would there have room to play a part of no mean importance, and easy to imagine in the present state of our finances. M. Fould would be the only remaining Minister of any substance in the present Cabinet. I have related to you in previous letters the scandalous outbreaks in the Council of Ministers between him and Persigny. The latter accused him of diverting the Emperor into a wrong path, and inducing him to lean on the bourgeoisie in preference to the peasantry and the army, where his true strength lay. Now, if Persigny falls and Fould triumphs, will not the change of system which I have just hinted be complete? At present, it is certain that M. Fould enjoys considerable influence with the Emperor, and his wife is a lady-in-waiting to the Empress. Are we, then, to have a middle-class reaction? Is the Bonapartist "terror" to cease? It will be difficult to heal the wounds of the 2nd of December, but much may be done to assuage them. We shall not get liberty, but some relaxation, perhaps, of the fetters that gall and crush us now! We shall not have a liberty of right, but some kind of liberty of fact,—a quasi-liberty of speech, of pen, and of act; and, believe me, with but this instalment we shall know how to make up for much lost time!

Three thousand political prisoners in Algeria and Cayenne out of eleven thousand who were transported, have just received an unconditional "pardon," on the occasion of "our marriage." What is this scrap of pardon compared with the total number of men transported, compelled to emigrate, driven into exile, or confined in towns under strict surveillance,—a total of something like 100,000 men! Still, it may be accepted as the promise of a change of system, the pledge of our coming deliverance.

The financial crisis is not yet over. The Funds have continued to decline. Yesterday (Monday) they fell to 78f. 10c.; but on the report of a change in the "system," they rose 50 cents. I should not find it difficult to believe that M. Fould has had something to do with the progressive fall since last November 8th, now nearly three months. At the head of one of the chief banking houses in Europe, actual chief of the cabinet, secret director of the Ministry of Finance, all-powerful at the Bourse and at the Bank, his immense influence permits him an infallible and undisputed control over the rise and fall of the public securities. Suppose, then, that in order to get his old rival Persigny out of the way, he has himself contrived an artificial fall? At all events, this conjecture of mine—and it is only a conjecture—will soon be verified or disproved by the state of the market that will succeed the approaching changes. S.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

THE Emperor drove to Paris, from St. Cloud, on Wednesday, to attend a Cabinet Council. The Empress accompanied him. They returned to St. Cloud in the evening. They have made excursions to Versailles and to Sevres.

Among the objects composing the marriage offering of the Empress, the Emperor placed, instead of the customary purse, a portfolio inclosing 250,000f. The Empress, however, having expressed a strong desire that this sum should be entirely consecrated to charitable purposes, the sum of 100,000 francs will be bestowed on the Maternal Societies, to assist poor lying-in women in providing for their wants. The charity will be placed under the immediate patronage of her Majesty the Empress, and the sum of 150,000 francs will be given to provide new beds at the Hospital of Incurables. A decree appears in the *Moniteur*, confirming these grants, on behalf of "our much-loved wife, the Empress Eugénie."

Madame Lesseps, the aunt of the Empress, died last week. In the invitations to attend her funeral, the fact of her relationship to the Empress was totally omitted.

The governor of the French penal colony of Guiana, M. Sarda Garriga, has been recalled.

M. Méry, the Marseillais, is the Court poet of the Empire. He wrote the cantata for the wedding, to which Auber set the music.

The *Presse* of Wednesday contained a bold and skilful article on the condition of the press in France, and on the disastrous futility of the attempt on the part of the Government, since the *coup d'état*, to stifle all free discussion; the consequence being, that writers had learned "the science of saying everything while saying nothing." This alludes to the incessant guerrilla of apt quotations, metaphors, historical parallels, and other subtle innuendoes, that has been kept up since December 1851 sealed the lips of the journals. The public had come to seize at a glance all the niceties of this secret language; and, for want of independent journals, lived on rumours, often false and always injurious. This article of the *Presse* is a very able exposure of the evils of restricted publicity, and is in itself an evidence of something like returning liberty.

A fanatic, named Bellot, professing ultra-legitimist opinions, has written a series of furious letters, which he calls *Lettres Françaises*, to the Emperor, recommending him to invade England, exterminate Englishmen at their own hearths, cripple the resources, and destroy the empire of England all over the world. Here are two choice morsels of these letters, which really are a very fair sample of the gratitude of the party for whose King England lavished so much blood and treasure. This gratitude for English intervention is as remarkable among the French legitimists, as it is in Spain and Portugal, Austria and Greece:—

"When your victorious flag waves over the Tower of London, you will summon the powers to a general congress. Then an alliance shall be formed which may indeed be called holy. France will resume her limits, and all the maritime positions to which she is entitled. Her colonies will be restored to her: Malta will be hers; Egypt will exist under her laws. Poland will have her limits with her independence. Russia will be supreme in the East. Constantinople will once more be Christian. Austria will have her part in European Turkey. Hungary will be independent. Prussia will absorb the associated States. Italy will be free from a foreign yoke. Spain and Portugal will form one; and the Methuen treaty, like so many others, will be pulverised—*mis au pilon*. The seas will be free; for all the same access, the same rights, the same tariffs, the same advantages. There will be no difference. The superiority of one will only be the result of its greater intelligence and activity; it will be man exalted, not as Proudhon means, but according to the sentiment of his interests united to his dignity; and the fraternity of peoples will be henceforth a truth."

In the postscript, he exclaims:—

"Prince, distrust the English within quite as much, and perhaps more, than the English without. The ignorance of the greatest part of our publicists and of our statesmen, the good faith of others towards the close of the last century, rendered them the fanatical apostles of

English doctrines. We have not in France any thing which resembles England—let us incessantly repeat it. The English are protestants, the French are catholics—they are aristocrats, we are partisans of equality—they are the fathers of privilege and of monopoly in all, we are the initiators and the propagators of common rights. The English are for all restrictions, the French for all liberties—in England the land forms a privileged domain, in France it may belong to all—England is the country of castes, in France they are for ever abolished; the English only dream of trouble and anarchy to enrich themselves with the spoils of the vanquished—the French only dream of the civilization, the emancipation, and the grandeur of nations. The English only communicate poison; the French carry life throughout all the countries where they penetrate. We are not and we cannot be English in any manner. To be English is this day in France to be more than traitor—to be parricide."

Prince, it is to the English within that we should again owe, in great measure, a new invasion of France by Continental Europe if it was ever conjured, from their imperious desires, rest assured of it. When they say "All by the English," we will answer them contemptuously, "All by true Frenchmen; all against the English!" Anathema, then, on the English within! Death to the English without! All from real France and by France! France will never have any other cry. From the north to the south, from the east to the west, the sentiment is the same. All Frenchmen are united in this thought of honour and dignity. And it is with truth that the poet has said,—

"Et la Vendée aiguërait son glaive
Sur la pierre de Waterloo!"

A decree establishing a Superior Council of Commerce, Agriculture, and Industry, signed by the Emperor on Wednesday, appeared in Thursday's *Moniteur*. M. Billault is appointed Vice-president of the Council. The Free-trade *Débats* considers it likely to be favourable to a more liberal system than has yet prevailed.

M. Aladenize has just been appointed Prefect of the Saône et Loire. M. Aladenize, it will be remembered, was a lieutenant in the garde mobile, but having insulted General Changarnier, he was arrested and sent to Vincennes. He had, however, the good luck to be one of the intimates of the President of the Republic, and is now made first magistrate of a department. He is married to Mademoiselle Volot, an actress of the Variétés.

The *Moniteur* was looked for yesterday with greedy anxiety by thousands of families, to ascertain if their relatives were included in the Emperor's promised political amnesty. Never probably have so many copies of the government journal been published in a single day. Pardons are decreed to no less than 4,312 persons (*condamnés*) by name, exclusive of the generals and the representatives du peuple, who were proscribed or sentenced to duration, in consequence of the events of December, 1851, and the exiles are to be forthwith restored to freedom.

A few days back, a workman, who was looking into a print-shop in the Rue du Coq St. Honoré, happening to exclaim, after examining a portrait of the Emperor, "*Il est bien laid!*" was immediately seized by two police agents, and carried off, the spectators taking part with the workman, and crying out after the police, "*Où, il est laid, bien laid!*" This affair became in the end so ridiculous that the man was set at liberty.

The Prussian Chambers have been discussing the reconstruction of the Upper Chamber, giving the nomination of peers to the Crown. An amendment was moved by the Country party, the Prussian squiresarchy, proposing a reconstruction of the Lower Chamber, also, in a sense favourable to the landed aristocracy.

The speech of the French Emperor, in announcing his marriage, created (as might be supposed) less sensation at Berlin than at Vienna, where the sting of the allusion to Marie Louise was felt. At Berlin, however, it has been thought to increase the chances of war.

According to the official list of deaths in Breslau, ten persons had died there of cholera the week before last.

The *Kreuz Zeitung* and the *Allgemeine Zeitung* bring the intelligence that the Russian 5th corps d'armée, under General von Rudiger, has received orders to advance to the Turkish frontier; the 4th division is also in daily expectation of receiving marching orders, and has called in its reserves.

It is impossible to get at the truth of the Montenegrine struggle among so many contradictory and conjectural accounts. The inaccessible nature of the country and the imperfect news from the seat of war leave us in the dark as to the actual condition of affairs.

It was not until the 12th that the concentrated attack on Montenegro commenced. The Vizier of Antivari, with 6000 men (of whom 4800 were regular troops), descended from the Sottermann, a mountain which forms the extreme southern point of Montenegro, into the Tseron-nitaka district, and advanced as far as the little river Tahernitza. In the evening, after pillaging, and as some say, burning the three villages of Limjani, Glubido, and Plamentai, he fell back upon the Sottermann. On the 14th reinforcements arrived from the northern districts, and the Vizier was forced to give up his position. Osman Pasha, of Scutari, on the 12th, entered the Rietaka district from Szabljak with 9000 men, among whom were 4800 regular troops, "but he was repulsed." The Commander-in-Chief, Omar Pasha, who is supposed to be at the head of about 9000 soldiers of the line, entered the valley of Morataka by way of Podgoritza, evidently with the intention of supporting the other two corps which were to have advanced upon Cetigny. The Voivode of Grabovo, who was hard pushed in the north-west by the Bosnian Mussulmans, under Meer Pasha, had fallen back upon the Austrian territory.

On the night of the 15th, says the *Triester Zeitung*, Osman Pasha took up a strong position at the foot of a hill on the plain behind Scutari. The Montenegrins,

availing themselves of the stormy night, attacked the Turkish camp, where alarm and disorder were beginning to prevail. The Turks dispersed on all sides, and the following trophies of victory were carried off by the Montenegrins:—17 standards (and among them that of the Prophet, which is said to consist of Mahomet's inexpressible), 80 horse-loads of powder, 60 horses, a number of arms and silver-mounted yatagans, and last, though not least, 317 Turks' heads.

The three Turkish vessels which cast anchor in the Bay of Antivari on the 11th were two steam frigates and a war steamer, with 2000 men on board. The squadron was under the command of Achmet Bey. According to later advices from Constantinople, three other steamers have been ordered to the Albanian coast. They are to take on board several battalions of picked troops, which are to form a reserve corps.

A German letter from Vienna, of the 28th, states as follows the tenor of the instructions to General Count Leiningen, on special mission to Constantinople:—Austria offers her good offices and her intervention to re-establish the *status quo ante*. In her quality of protectress of the Christian populations subject to Turkey, she demands the cessation of the persecutions and arbitrary acts to which the poor rayahs of Bosnia and other provinces are subject. In the event of a refusal of these demands, Count Leiningen is to inform the Porte of the fixed resolution of Austria to intervene for the protection of the Christians against all oppression and persecution.

On the whole, the accounts are as yet in favour of the Montenegrins; but Turkey is making prodigious efforts. The Vienna correspondent of the *Times*, writing on the 29th ult., says:—"It must be observed that, although the accounts are favourable to the Montenegrins, it is much feared here that Montenegro will be occupied by the Turks before General Leiningen's mission can be accomplished. Things have much changed here. A few years since the Montenegrins were honoured with the epithets of 'robbers,' 'bandits,' 'savage brutes' (*seilde Bestien*); now they are 'persecuted Christians.'"

The Montenegrin question is assuming very serious proportions, and demands the close attention of our Government. "Austria," writes the Correspondent of the *Daily News* at Vienna, "urged forward by an unseen hand, is to do the Czar's work, dismember European Turkey, and perhaps enrich herself with one or two of the provinces now subject to the Sultan. Such at least are the doings openly discussed at the court of Vienna, and embodied in all the correspondence of the entire European press dated from the Austrian capital. George Petrowitch, cousin of Daniel, is still at Vienna, where he appears to be singularly welcome. What promises may have been made to him, and whether, as is asserted, Austria has engaged to defend the Montenegrin frontier from Budua to Albania, it is impossible to say. But certain it is that General Leiningen has been sent off to Constantinople by special steamer, with most urgent instructions, while the Austrian army of Dalmatia has been reinforced, until it now numbers between 25,000 and 30,000 men, a force preposterously out of proportion to the defensive needs of the frontier at any time, and especially so when each of the possible invaders has an enemy in hand. The latest movements in the war department at Vienna indicate immediate military action. On the 24th ult., two corvet batteries were sent from Vienna to the frontier, and two days after the regiment Constantine was ordered to Cattaro, with all its equipments and field batteries. If English diplomacy be worth anything, now is its time."

The house of Hapsburg appears willing to seize this comparatively safe opportunity of paying the debt which she owes Russia for aiding her in 1819, by robbing Turkey, which did not aid the Hungarians when the existence of the Austrian monarchy was in question. It will, however, be for the western powers to consider whether the important military and naval positions aimed at by the secret protection of Montenegro are to be quietly conceded to a power more Asiatic than European, because the ruler of Austria, the pretended bulwark of the west, has an account to settle with the Czar.

The Piedmontese Senate approved, on the 27th ult., by 38 votes to 10, the bill for the repression of the slave trade. The Chamber of Deputies adopted on the same day, by 84 to 27, the project of law for the reorganization of the Chambers of Commerce.

There have been serious apprehensions of disturbance since the trial of Mazzinghi, at Genoa, for preaching the Gospel. The priests emboldened by the success of this commencement of persecution, proceeded to make further arrests in the neighbourhood of Genoa, on the same charges, amidst the indignation of the people. The king has granted a free pardon to Mazzinghi, but it is clear that either the barbarous laws of the old code must be expunged, or the present constitution, guaranteeing religious toleration, must be sacrificed.

The *Opinione* of Turin of the 31st ult., states that Count Cavour, President of the Piedmontese Cabinet, is seriously ill of fever, and has been bled five times. By the last accounts, the fever has abated, and the complaint has taken a favourable turn.

A letter from Turin states that Mr. Brett has just signed a contract with the Piedmontese government for a submarine telegraph between La Spezia and Cagliari. The expense is to be 3,000,000*fr.*, bearing 5 per cent. interest, guaranteed for 50 years.

The winter has at last commenced in Savoy. Snow had fallen for several days, after which a hard frost set in, to the great satisfaction of the peasantry.

Letters from Naples of the 24th ult. announce that the Grand Special Court has commenced proceedings against the persons accused of participation in the insurrection of the 15th of May, 1848, who have absconded.

The *Daily News* correspondent at Naples gives a singular account of the doings of the Neapolitan police. One man was denounced for putting an imperial crown on a pie. Another person being arrested, demanded to know on what grounds, when the only answer that he received

from the commissioner was that he was not "geniale" to him. Some objection was taken to the style of his beard, on altering which he was pronounced "galant," and discharged.

Of the real efficiency, however, of the police in maintaining order and assuring public security, the writer gives an instance in the case of Mercadante, the composer. The "maestro" having brought out a new opera at San Carlo, as a Neapolitan "maestro" would be on such an occasion, was bedizened well with chains and rings. Loaded with applause and trinkets, the poor "maestro" left the theatre at the close *en route* for his house, but was relieved of all his finery by four men in some part of Toledo. His first application was to a barber, bleeding being always had recourse to in cases of fright—his second to a commissary of police, and whilst the tale was being told, and the investigation made, the "maestro" exclaimed, "There are two of them," pointing out, in fact, two of the guardians of public order and security.

The finances of Naples, as of other modern despotisms, are not flourishing. Recently, a million of ducats was taken from the Casa del Amortizzazini, which answers to the fund in the hands of our Accountant-General of the Court of Chancery.

Very interesting excavations are being undertaken, at Cuma, by the Prince of Syracuse. Amongst others is a temple erected to Diana, 345 palms in length. As yet only one side has been laid open to public observation, and the columns and capitals and other fragments have been carried off to the Prince's gardens, with a view to their restoration. The architecture and the embellishments are of the highest Greek art, and are said to equal anything which we possess of the remains of the Parthenon.

We hear from Rome that the papal military chaplains are busy collecting the oaths of fidelity from the various detachments of Roman troops in country quarters.

General Gendreau has now left Rome, and his successor, General du Montreuil, has arrived.

The King of Bavaria is still in Rome. The Pope paid him a visit on the 22nd ult., escorted by French cavalry, as well as by his own dragoons and noble guard.

A great sensation has been created in Rome, by an attempt to poison the entire family of the Marquis Bandini, by slow and gradual means, mixing the poison with the food.

WIND-UP OF THE PEACE CONGRESS.

THE Free-Trade Hall, sacred as the theatre of many old League meetings, when Manchester was making itself powerful, was the scene of the last gathering of the Peace Conference. The three orators, famous in the rhetorical triumphs of the North, Gibson, Cobden, Bright, followed each other in succession; and the audience they appealed to was one of the largest ever assembled under that roof.

Mr. Wilson announced, that the subscription up to that time amounted to 4525*l.*, it was proposed to make that up to 10,000*l.* The Rev. John Burnet moved the following resolution,—

"That as it is of the utmost importance to the peace of Europe, and to the general interests of civilization and humanity, that friendly and cordial relations should exist between this country and France, this conference deems it to be the special and solemn duty of all friends of peace earnestly to discourage whatever has a tendency to revive suspicions and jealousies between these two great nations, and to promote all such measures as shall serve, by extending their commerce and multiplying their amicable relations, to bind them more closely in the ties of interdependence and friendship."

Seconded by Mr. Ashworth, of Bolton. This was unanimously carried.

Mr. Gibson defined his position in regard to the movement. He was not indifferent to the safety or the honour of the country, but he thought that the best way of promoting those objects was to secure the national friendship and good-will of foreign nations, instead of constantly suspecting their professions, and supposing they hate and envy us. But the fact was, that this cry for national defence, came in with a surplus of income over expenditure. The "services" know that if John Bull can be sufficiently frightened, they will stand a good chance of getting some of that surplus. They have their eye on it at this moment. "I, also, have my eye on it,—I want to apply it to the repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge. (Cheers and laughter.) But, as a tax involves patronage, there is a great indisposition to apply a surplus in repealing a tax."

Aggressive war was likely to follow a large peace establishment. The French army was never much smaller than now; it will probably be lessened, as the ruler of France, seeking popularity among the agricultural classes, would thereby lessen conscription. There was not a single fact to show that we are menaced by France. "I believe, upon my conscience, that there never was a time when the prospects of peace were so encouraging as they are now. (Cheers.)"

"They talk of Cherbourg. Well, what of Cherbourg? People fancy, I suppose, that Cherbourg is something that may come here. (Laughter.) Why, the guns of Cherbourg cannot reach to England; and unless you go there they will not interfere with you. (Cheers.) But there is a great work at Cherbourg, and which, in point of fact, has formed a great item of French expenditure for many years in reference to the port, and that is the breakwater there, for the purpose, in gales of wind, of rendering the anchorage secure. I know Cherbourg well. I have seen the English Union Jack and the American stars all glad

to take shelter from the inclemency of the weather under this breakwater of Cherbourg; and I, for one, instead of viewing these works with jealousy, or with a feeling that they are intended to injure us, I view them as works in which the world has an interest; and I say the commerce of all mankind which may pass through the Channel ought to thank that great country for having, at enormous cost, constructed a work which enables merchant ships to find a secure anchorage when they might otherwise be stranded upon a rocky and dangerous shore. How absurd! Have we not subsidised great companies, and actually called upon them to build vessels suited for war purposes to carry the mails to the West Indies and the United States, and so forth? Has not America done the same? But the moment France presumes to have a line, 'Oh, it can have no other object but to invade England.' (A laugh.) I do not share in all these alarms. I believe the security of this country rests on our being a united people, on our being a people who have some knowledge and appreciation of the freedom of our institutions; and I will conclude these observations with the words of that eminent man, Sir James Mackintosh, when he said, 'Small peace establishments, a House of Commons jealous of the sword, tenacious of the freedom of the press, a people discussing fearlessly, and in the light of day, all the measures of their Government—these are the things which have conferred happiness and greatness upon the British islands.' (Great cheering.)"

Mr. Cobden began his long discourse by saying, that the papers accused the peace party of holding meetings in Manchester, and inviting the French to come over and invade us. There is a new—"not a new, but a renewed and increased organization in existence." He would, once for all, offer an explanation as to its principles.

"We have been, for three or four years, engaged in an international agitation, which has assumed the name of Peace Congresses. It was a happy idea, originating with some of the gentlemen connected with the Peace Society—from that society in New Broad-street; which, although it has been entirely, I believe, supported by a few members of the Society of Friends, will be the parent spring from which will flow the great stream and flood which are now destined to overspread this country. But that Peace Society was in itself founded on a principle which was recognised by the Society of Friends, and it was generally considered to invite the co-operation only of those who adhered to the 'non-resisting' principle. It was a happy conception of some of the members of that body, that, by engaging in an international agitation such as the Peace Congresses became, they might open the door to the co-operation of all who wished to take any steps, however short, in the direction of peace, without compromising, on the one hand, the most moderate of politicians, or, on the other hand, those sincere and benevolent men who have advocated the non-resisting principle. Well, gentlemen, it was when that peace congress agitation began that I first began myself to co-operate with the Peace Society. I have never been myself a subscriber or a member of the Peace Society, strictly so called. Now, I do not wish to say that with a view to let it be inferred that I want to disparage that society, only I think it is best for all parties that there should be, once for all, a distinct understanding; because that which enables me to co-operate with the gentlemen who have hitherto formed the Peace Society will enable all those who really wish either to prevent war altogether, or to diminish its cost, or to in any way diminish the chances of war, it will enable all to co-operate for that great object. Then, what are our objects? Not peace, at any price, it will be said, because there are many who would not maintain peace at the expense of aggression unprovokedly committed on themselves when they had exhausted every moral means of settling a dispute. What is our principle? Our principle is this: we say, all these warlike establishments are an evil. Some people may say, they are a necessary evil. We accept them only as a necessary evil, and we will diminish them as much as we can, and would abolish them if we could."

Their position is, that military establishments are an evil; that if they are kept up by two countries for the purpose of mutual defence and attack, then that by negotiation they could be diminished proportionately on each side, and, finally, abolished altogether. Let our Executive make a proposition to the French Executive to reduce their expenditure. It is revolting, humiliating, that while we are incited to increase our armaments, because France is increasing hers, our ambassador's lady should be dancing with Louis Napoleon, and not a word said by anybody except the peace party in favour of stopping the evil of military expenditure.

"Now I will give you a word of advice—I have been talking enough, it may be thought, to our own Government—but I am now going to offer a hint to Louis Napoleon; and I dare say I shall be charged for this with being a secret ally of Louis Napoleon. I don't know anybody who has (I will not say with what success, but with heartier goodwill) tried to hamstring tyranny in every form, than I have done, and will do again whenever I have the opportunity; but I shall be accused, I dare say, of being the confederate of the Emperor of the French; but at the risk of that I will give him a word of advice. If I were Louis Napoleon I would treat this cry in a way that would lift him up upon a moral pedestal, in spite of his antecedents; that would give him the advantage over all the crowned heads and governments of Europe. I would invite a conference of the representatives of all the great powers of Europe, to see if they could not agree to effect a mutual reduction of their armaments. If he were to do so, my firm and conscientious conviction is, that if such a conference as I have suggested met him on this question, there is not an executive government in all Europe which

would enter upon it with less of sincerity and less of earnestness to make the discussion a reality, and to enable it to effect the object desired, than the aristocratic government of England. (Cheers.)

But too many people, in high quarters, are interested in this question, for the extravagance to be put down with ease. There were the clubs—the gorgeous palaces, the military clubs in Pall-Mall; he had seen their influence felt in society, and in the House of Commons; but there is a way to meet even that influence—appeal to the universal public, deluge the country with tracts and publications; the time is precious: if the press of London (?) go on for another month or two, as it has been going on for the last month or two, it may be too late to avert the calamities of war. Mr. Cobden condemned the press for making remarks on the French, especially on the new Cherbourg line of steamers; and he imputed to the press a desire that England should “pitch into France.” As to the United States, he took a totally new view of the Anglo-American Alliance. Here it is:—

“I have heard a great deal of trash talked, and have seen a great deal more written, about what is to be expected from the United States of America, if we declare war with France. Don’t deceive yourselves. America is not coming to put herself in alliance with the Anglo-Saxon race, to make war with France. (Cheers.) If you go to war with France, I tell you what the United States will do—the first thing they will do will be to assume a very bold attitude, and require you instantly to abandon that right of search which was claimed and exercised during the last war, and was left an open question even at the peace. Now you will be obliged instantly to renounce the right of visiting American vessels. America will no longer allow you, with her tonnage, now nearly equal to your own, to do what you did forty-five years ago with impunity with her. And what will be the consequence? America will carry on the commerce of Europe. Now, I invite the merchants of Liverpool, whose organs talk so glibly of war, to pay attention to what I say—do you suppose that, with the navigation laws repealed, that if there is a war between France and England, and our narrow seas swarm, as they will, with privateers having letters of marque, and with many a stout steamer built on the Atlantic shores, coming over here with letters of marque to seize as prizes your mercantile vessels, do you suppose that, under such circumstances, anybody will be such a fool as to send one ounce of freight under the English flag? Would not the insurance be some twenty or thirty per cent. more than the insurance of some American ship? and who in the world do you think could carry on competition in any commodities if he had to pay twenty or thirty per cent. more than those who brought their goods in any foreign ship? What must be the effect instantly of war? Your ships must leave your harbours, and go and enter themselves and get registered either as American ships, or Dutch ships, or Hamburg ships, and be anything but English ships; then you may bring your commodities here under some other flag, and what will become of the shipwrights of Liverpool when all the English ships are gone, and no others building? They may follow the ships, or go to the workhouse. (Hear, hear, hear.) That is what will follow a war; that is what will come of the ‘high hand,’ and ‘pitching into France,’ as the saying is. (Laughter.) Do not listen to those papers which talk about ‘pitching into’ France; and do not delude yourselves with the idea that the United States will ever come to help the English in any war that may be carried on. The Americans are too shrewd to fight other people’s battles; when you find them fighting it will be for themselves. (Cheers and laughter.)”

Mr. Cobden pledged himself to turn out, if he can, every Government that proposes an increased armament. He had no hostility to the present Cabinet; he would not know Lord Aberdeen, if he met him in Pall-Mall; but he believed Lord Aberdeen shared the cherished opinions of Sir Robert Peel, who was in favour of reduced armaments.

“We know, gentlemen, what the convictions of Lord Aberdeen are, and what those of the late Sir Robert Peel were; and, fortunately, having those opinions recorded before this meeting, and before this agitation was ripened to its present height, and therefore having a minister whose opinions have gone before this agitation, and who cannot be said to have been pressed into our service by either fear or hope, I think that he, of all men, is the statesman who can, with propriety, take our object in hand. (Cheers.) And what a glorious opportunity for such a work? What do we ask him to do—to effect a complete revolution in the feelings and relationship of two of the greatest countries of the world. We ask him to put an end to the hatred and disaffection which exist between the two countries. We ask him to employ his diplomatists to aid in mitigating the burdens of their countrymen. We ask him to enter upon a new path, and probably the only path open to him by which fame and honour can be achieved for his name; and we say, if he takes that course, although interest may be opposed to him, though powerful parties may be opposed to him—though the professions may be opposed to him—aye, and although aristocratic feeling should oppose him—that there is guarantee enough in this hall—(cheers)—and if he will take the right step, he may depend upon it that we will enable him to succeed. (Cheers.)”

Let them organize at home, and make members who vote for increased armaments feel their resentment at the poll.

Mr. John Bright sustained his increasing reputation for breadth and statesmanship. His opening arguments were that war is an evil, and that the money spent on

armaments might have been spent much better. Referring to the wars arising out of the French Revolution, and the aggressions of Napoleon, he said, this country was then involved in a struggle the like of which was never known for expenditure of blood and treasure, and for the incalculable and untold woes which it inflicted on Europe and England.

“And I should like to know what were its results? Was freedom established in Europe? Europe has been in chains ever since. Was freedom secured and established in England? For forty years it stifled the cry for freedom, and prevented the carrying out of those measures of reform which we obtained in 1832. It landed Europe in tyranny, not better than that which it overthrew; and it landed us in an amount of debt, of which we yet bear the burden, so large that the most enthusiastic and honourable payer of everything that he owes, has no notion whatever that the people of England will ever discharge it. (Hear, hear.) But talking of the expenses:—that war lasted for twenty-two years, and it has been calculated that not less than 1,000,000,000 sterling were expended upon it; the debt increased many hundreds of millions, and hundreds of millions of taxes were expended, which were raised during the progress of the war. Now, we do not know what 1,000,000,000, is, in amount; but there is an illustration which may help us to find it out. If you had had an enemy at the mouth of every river in the United Kingdom, at the entrance of every port, and he had seized remorselessly upon every ship which had left all your ports, and harbours, and rivers, for twenty years—and had confiscated cargoes and ships—it would have amounted to something like the sum which your rulers spent in that war. But if you want another illustration—for I am sure that I have derived benefit myself from examining into what this sum, of one thousand millions, means—imagine the families of Great Britain to be about 4,000,000 in number. That sum would give to every family a comfortable dwelling-house of the value of 250l. (Cheers.) If you take the United Kingdom, and conceive there are 4,000,000 of families of working men in this United Kingdom, that sum would place every family in a 10l. house, and pay his rent for ever. (Cheers.) That would be a much more comfortable thing to look at than what we have left of these glorious victories—tyranny in Europe, reform delayed and stifled in England, and an enormous debt for us and our posterity to pay. . . . We were always told that the Duke of Wellington was the saviour of this country, and that the battle of Waterloo secured the liberties of England, and the peace of Europe. Well, it is a very odd sort of security—(cheers)—it is a very odd sort of salvation which you got in the year 1815, which requires that you should pay some twelve to sixteen millions per annum for the next 40 years, to secure it, and, at the end of the forty years the sixteen millions is not enough, and those who said that the peace of the country was secured, say that we are utterly defenceless, and must now begin to make ourselves safe. (Cheers.) Now, if I were one of the persons who believed that we are not secure, and I take it for granted that there are some honest and ignorant persons who do believe that—(laughter)—if I were a Minister, pressed by the services to add to the military expenditure, instead of coming to Parliament with a simple vote for four, or six, or eight hundred thousand, as the case may be, I would take another course. First of all, and without at all taking the views of the peace party, but taking the grounds which every man who really cares for his country must admit to be true and sensible grounds, I would ask whether the money now expended is well or ill applied? I would ascertain whether all our weapons of destruction were made after the most improved model. (Hear, hear.) I would see whether our ships really could sail or not. (Laughter.) I would take care that half the ships that were built, should not be cut athwart that they might be lengthened—that some should not first have the screw, and afterwards have the screw taken out and the paddle-wheel substituted—(great laughter)—I would take care if it were possible—and as it is possible in the mercantile marine, I see no reason why it should not be possible in the navy—the ships should be built in such a manner that when once built they should be efficient for their object, and that the enormous and extravagant expenditure arising from constant change should not so constantly take place. Then, with regard to those admirals—(a laugh)—it will be said that I have no business to speak of persons with whom I can have very little acquaintance, though my right honourable colleague might have spoken of them with some show of reason, for a most distinguished admiral, now in high command, admitted to me that Mr. Gibson was, he thought, to the full as well qualified to take one of the Queen’s ships round the world as most captains in the service—(loud cheers and laughter)—and I asked him whether he did not think that he was quite as good a navigator (which no doubt he is) as a great number of the admirals? He smiled; but he made no denial. (Laughter.)

Mr. Bright asked why we continued to employ our troops in the colonies; surely Canada, for instance, could protect herself and keep order in her territory. He imputed the great war expenditure in these piping times of peace to the “services.” After breaking a lance with the *Times*, and severely criticising its correspondent, the “Englishman,” Mr. Bright asked—

“How should we take the comments that have been made upon the French people and the French Government during the last twelve months? Would it not bind every man to the Government by reason of his national feeling, even though he might not himself have given a vote in favour of the establishment of that Government? And notwithstanding all that has taken place in France—notwithstanding the universal cry which has been made against the French—it is a fact that cannot be disputed, that some diminution has taken place in the French army; and it has been stated on good authority—I mean on the

authority of papers entirely adverse to that Government—that that reduction would have been of a much greater extent if the head of the Government had had his own way in the matter.”

In his closing remarks there was a lugubrious sublimity in the depth of the woes he prophesied:—

“Gentlemen, we have had uneasiness, irritation, preparations for war; the tinder is abroad now; the train is laid; it wants but some accident to excite a spark to set all this in flames. Some taxes imposed—some taxes not reduced—trade disturbed—no financial reforms in the coming session—no reform bill; and we are told by some of the writers of the Government that the only thing now to be looked at is the defenceless condition of the country. (Laughter.) And if war should arise—if war should spring out of these insane proceedings—language wholly fails one to describe the disastrous consequences that must ensue. I shall draw no picture of blood and crime, in battles by sea and land; they are common to every war, and nature shudders at the enormities of man. But I see before me a vast commerce eclipsed, a mighty industry paralysed, a people impoverished and exhausted with ever-increasing burdens, and a gathering discontent. I see this now peaceful land torn with factions—I see our now tranquil population suffering and ferocious—I see sown, as it were before my eyes, the seeds of internal convulsion and of rapid national decay; and in the mournful vision which must afflict the sight of any man who looks forward to these events, I behold this great nation, the prolific parent of half a future world, sink into hopeless ruin, the victim of its own ignorance and credulity, and of the cowardice and the crimes of its rulers.” (The hon. gentleman sat down amidst the most enthusiastic cheering.)

A vote of thanks to the chairman having been passed, on the motion of Mr. Carter, M.P., the meeting separated at twenty minutes to eleven.

MR. COBDEN’S WAGER ACCEPTED.

MR. COBDEN has published the following correspondence, which explains itself:—

“Lieutenant-General Brotherton presents his compliments to Mr. Cobden.

“He sends him a duplicate of a letter he addressed to him yesterday, at his town-residence, 103, Westbourne-terrace; but, finding he is not in town, and not likely to return immediately, and as the letter might not be forwarded to him, he thinks it better, in order to avert the chance of delay, to send him this duplicate.

“Jan. 30.

“Travellers’ Club, Pall Mall, Jan. 29.
“SIR,—I perceive by the report of your speech at the meeting of the Peace Conference at Manchester, on Thursday evening last, you are made to say that, in order to test the sincerity of those who differ from you in opinion as to the probability of invasion, you will enter into a legal bond to pay down 10,000l. when invasion takes place, to him who will undertake to pay 1s. a-week as a subscription to the Manchester Infirmary till that event does occur.

“Being one of those who differ from you totally in opinion upon this subject, I accept your proposal, and am prepared to perform my part of the engagement when I receive your reply.

“I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

“T. W. BROTHERTON.

“To R. Cobden, Esq., M.P.”

MR. COBDEN’S ANSWER.

“Manchester, Feb. 2.

“SIR,—In reply to your communication, I beg to say, that although my offer, to which it refers, was addressed to a gentleman individually, and not to the public, yet, as he has declined my challenge, and as your letter and duplicate, forwarded to me at two addresses, have come to hand before any other application has reached me, I have very great satisfaction and pride in transferring to a General in her Majesty’s service the insurance against the risk of invasion which I had intended for the relief of the terrors of a respectable conductor of an influential provincial newspaper. I must, however, suggest one alteration in the terms of agreement as contained in your letter. Instead of undertaking to pay 10,000l. when an invasion takes place to one whose professional duty it might be to prevent such an event from occurring, who might thereby be placed in the invidious position of backing the chance of his own defeat, I will, upon the condition that you subscribe a shilling a-week to the Manchester Infirmary, enter into a legal engagement to pay you the above sum of money when a French invasion is attempted. Enclosed is the name of my solicitor, and I should wish the bond to be completed as soon as possible,—in which, with your views, you will, I dare say, agree with me; and I have the honour to be

“Your obedient servant,

“RICHARD COBDEN.

“Lieutenant-General Brotherton, &c.

“P.S.—I shall inform the treasurer of the Manchester Infirmary that a subscription from me to that charity of 2l. 12s. a-year will be paid by you during your lifetime, or until the French attempt an invasion of these islands.”

The above letters were first published; but this morning’s *Times* affords the following:—

“Travellers’ Club, Feb. 3, 1853.

“SIR,—I have this day received your reply to my letter of the 29th ultimo.

“As my sole object in taking up your challenge was to test your sincerity, which I have now done, I therefore decline to accept your bond. But, of course, I nevertheless still hold myself bound strictly to perform my part of the agreement—viz., the payment of the weekly subscription to the Manchester Infirmary, and I have accordingly directed my solicitor to wait upon yours, and give him all the satisfactory security he may require for the due pay-

ment of this subscription, from this day henceforth, which, believe me, I shall always feel gratified in paying in support of such a benevolent institution, and to which I shall add a donation of 5*l.*, transmitted to the treasurer.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"T. W. BROTHERTON.

"To Richard Cobden, Esq."

So that, after all, this foolish wager has not been ratified!

SIR CHARLES WOOD AT HALIFAX.

THE President of the Board of Control addressed his constituents on Thursday, at a dinner given in his honour. The striking points of an excellent speech were, that Government is prepared to amend the Reform Act, revise taxation, put the country in a state of defence, and do something to provide education for the people. On reform he said:—

"I think that the principles on which the Reform Bill of 1832 was framed were sound, and just, and correct principles. It would be strange indeed if there were no faults and no defects which the experience of twenty years did not bring out. Those faults and those defects we are prepared to amend. (Loud and reiterated applause.) But we propose to proceed upon the principle we advocated in 1832, and so to extend the franchise as to embrace the most intelligent of the classes below those now enfranchised, (what I mean by below is in point of pecuniary qualification,) who may be most fitted and best fitted to enjoy the franchise. Why, gentlemen, when I first came here, I remember one of the most honourable and one of the most intelligent people in the town of Halifax was not an elector—a most independent and respectable man you will well remember—our old friend John Rowbottom. (Hear, hear.) And, during the preceding and late election, at the meetings at the Old Cock, who talked better sense than any man in the room? A non-elect! A man whom I am proud to have called my friend, and who, I hope, will not be offended if I call him by his ordinary name, my friend Bob Wilkinson. (Laughter and cheers.) Is it not desirable that such men as these should be included in the electors of this kingdom?"

On national defence—

"No one concurs more than I do with the objects of the Peace Society, though I confess I differ with them as to the means by which we should seek to attain our common end and aim. There is no one more convinced than myself of the evils of war, but I do think the best security for peace is to be prepared for war if needs be, but which I hope will not take place. (Hear, hear.) Offensive war I should deprecate as the greatest of evils; defensive war I apprehend no man in this hall would shrink from. (Hear, hear.) We are not to be bullied, insulted, or trampled upon by any nation in the world. (Cheers.) And if there is no system of aggression, no attempt to foster a war-spirit, there can be no object in putting ourselves in a proper state of defence." (Applause.)

This is the proper position to assume.

REFORM MEETING AT MANCHESTER.

A SOCIAL *soirée* or *reunion* of the leading Reformers of the county of Lancaster, and their representatives, took place on Thursday evening, at the Town-hall, Manchester, of a pleasant and successful character. From 300 to 400 invitations had been issued, and the room was very crowded. After partaking of refreshments, the business commenced, a little before seven o'clock, by Mr. George Wilson taking the chair, supported by Mr. John Bright, M.P., Mr. T. M. Gibson, M.P., Mr. Joseph Brotherton, M.P., Mr. James Heywood, M.P., Mr. J. Kershaw, M.P., Mr. Charles Hindley, M.P., and Mr. George Hadfield, M.P. Among other gentlemen present were—Mr. Alexander Henry (late member for the county), Mr. Thomas Bazley, Mr. Bailey, Mr. A. Buckley, Mr. Henry Ashworth, Sir Elkanah Armitage, Mr. Salis Schwabe, Mr. E. R. Langworthy, Mr. Watkin Lees, Mr. John Platt, Mr. R. N. Phillips, Mr. R. Munn, Mr. F. Steiner, Mr. F. J. Philippi, &c. There were gentlemen present, in fact, from Liverpool, Lancaster, Blackburn, Burnley, Preston, Bolton, Oldham, Rochdale, Stockport, Ashton, Bury, and almost every town in the county.

The chief speakers were Mr. Gibson and Mr. Bright; and we append extracts from their speeches, showing what attitude they propose to assume relative to the new Government. Mr. Gibson said—

"As to the Government which we have at the present moment, it would be presumptuous in me to offer any opinion either upon the individual statesmen, or, still more, upon their intended policy. I am quite sure that members of the Liberal party are not prepared to go into a needless opposition to the present Government merely because certain members of that Government formerly belonged to another political party. They will wait patiently for their measures; by their measures and their policy they will be fairly and impartially judged; and I think I know enough of this great constituency to feel assured that they will support their members in such a course as that to which I have adverted—namely, a fair and honourable support to the Administration; at the same time not compromising any of the principles that we are sent to Parliament to advocate, nor permitting the question of the falling or rising of any Administration to stand in the way of the triumph of those principles that you wish to see successful. (Cheers.)

Now, with regard to the question of reform—first, there is a difficulty about the time. That there will be Parliamentary reform we have the strongest assurance. There

are those who would damp the ardour of the Reformers, and who tell us that the present Government will not, very soon at least, bring in a measure of reform, and, when it is brought in, that it will not be such as to satisfy even the moderate reformers of the Liberal party. Sir, I do not hold that opinion. I cannot conceive that men of the experience of the present Administration—men of their great ability, and, what is more, of their great opportunity, would trifle with a question of this magnitude, but that they would do as was done in 1832—that they would act in a similar spirit with the course that was taken by my Lord Grey's Government—namely, bring in a measure that would settle this question, at least for some considerable period, so that we may not, year by year, be constantly bringing into Parliament small, peddling reform bills, instead of directing our attention to social reforms and financial improvements, all of which, I say, are matters that require vast attention and consideration by the country, and cannot be dwelt upon by the mind of the nation when they are engaged in organic changes. Of course, those who are proposing great measures must have some voice as to the precise time when they should introduce them to Parliament; but as Lord Grey has been referred to as being a good judge of the proper time, let us see what Lord Grey did. It was on the 15th of November, 1830, that Sir H. Parnell defeated the Government of the Duke of Wellington on the civil list; and the Duke of Wellington's Government retired. The King (William IV.) sent for Lord Grey to form an Administration, and that Administration was completed shortly before Christmas. There were in that Administration four distinguished men who are members of the present Government. They are—Lord John Russell, Sir James Graham—Sir James Graham was then considered a man of extreme opinions, and was, in fact, the Sir William Molesworth of Lord Grey's Government; there were also Lord Palmerston and Lord Lansdowne. These four were members of Lord Grey's Administration; it was formed just before Christmas, and on the 1st of March in the following year Lord John Russell submitted to the House of Commons his great measure of reform. (Loud cheers.) Well, Sir, I say if at that time, within two months from the formation of the Government, and with the comparatively small amount of information which there was on these subjects at that period, a measure of that magnitude could be submitted to Parliament, we have a right to expect that in these days, when everything moves faster than it did in 1830—(cheers)—we are not to have an indefinite postponement, or that the year 1853 is to pass without this Reform Bill being submitted to Parliament."

Mr. Bright concurs with his colleague—

"We have a new Government—a coalition Government. (Hear, hear.) I do not use the word 'coalition' in an offensive sense; for I think the time was come, absolutely, that it could not be evaded, that men who hitherto have differed somewhat on political questions, and in their political career, should come together and endeavour to form a Government which should be more suited to the country than either of the two Governments which have preceded that which now exists. (Hear, hear.) I entirely agree with the observations that have been made by Mr. Gibson, and by Mr. Brotherton, and I think also by Mr. Heywood, with regard to the conduct that should be pursued towards this Government. It appears to me that it is our duty to treat them with as much generous forbearance as we can possibly muster, consistent with the principles we hold. (Hear, hear, and applause.)

Well, now, we are going next week to meet the new Government, and the new circumstances in which we find ourselves. Mr. Gibson stated the course which he should pursue—Mr. Brotherton, I think, coincided in that view—I am willing to subscribe to what they said. Our position has been one of perfect independence. (Hear.) Whether Lord Melbourne were in office, whether Sir Robert Peel were in office, whether Lord John Russell were in office, whether Lord Derby were in office, or whether Lord Aberdeen be in office, it seems to me that our duty is precisely the same—to look with all the favour that honest men in favour of reform can look upon Governments, surrounded as they are by great difficulties, and having (even when honest and anxious to do right) to contend with most powerful interests opposed to them. (Hear, hear.) But we must never forget that we are the representatives of industry, of numbers, of intelligence, and of wealth; that we go to Parliament opposed to many antiquated blunders, to many hoary abuses, to many selfish and mischievous privileges. (Hear, hear.) We must not forget that everything this country has gained since the revolution of 1688—and especially everything of late years—has been gained in a mainly contest of the industrial and commercial classes against the aristocratic and privileged classes of this country. We must carry on the same conflict. There are great things yet to be done. The results of past exertions are most encouraging—there is a world-wide field before us for future exertions and future success. When I am permitted to speak here or elsewhere without the walls of Parliament, I would speak always in favour of what I believe to be just, and what I believe to be profitable and advantageous to the people; and in the House of Commons I do not aspire to mere Parliamentary displays, or to the seeking of official honours or emoluments. I would rather aspire to be the faithful representative of this great constituency—to defend all its rights and interests (cheers)—to secure as far as possible all the liberties we now possess, and lay up, if it be possible, for our children a still more glorious inheritance of freedom than our fathers were able to bequeath to us. (Loud cheers.)

Among other topics which were dwelt on by the speakers, Mr. Bright gave the following account of voting by ballot in Massachusetts:—

"Now, I will show you how the thing is managed in Massachusetts. Here is an envelope, called the 'Government envelope,' on which are the arms of the state of Massachusetts, and I will tell you the mode in which the votes are taken. For example, here is a voting ticket, as

we should call it, but which they call the ballot; it is a Democratic ticket, and bears the names of the Democratic candidates for senator for the district of Hampton. The Whig party, which is the opposite party there, would have a similar ticket, with the names of their candidates. There are other tickets of other kinds for other officers to be elected. Well, the Government supplies to every district at least as many of these envelopes as there are electors, and the parties who are concerned in the election of course supply all the electors—the Democratic party supply the Democratic ticket, and the Whig party the Whig ticket. The elector being furnished with these at any time at his own house, or on his way to the poll, puts in whichever ticket he likes; there is no name written upon it; what is printed is all that is upon it. The elector can vote for two candidates at this election; and he puts his ticket in the envelope, just wets the gum, and it is shut. There is no address of any kind upon it. He walks to the polling-booth, is asked his name, as we are here; is found to be on the register; his name is checked off as of a person who has voted, and cannot come again; he passes the envelope to an officer, who merely takes it in his hand to ascertain that there is only one envelope, drops it into the urn or box, and walks away. Everybody else comes in the same way; nobody can vote who does not put his ticket in an envelope like this; and no man who votes can prove to any other man how he voted. There is no record of it, and no man living can ascertain how he voted, because when these envelopes are taken out at four o'clock, at the close of the poll, the tickets are counted, and put down to the different candidates, but there is no name of the elector, and they don't know whether you, or I, or any one else put in the ticket, and thus you arrive, in my opinion, and by that means, at an honest and conscientious decision, in accordance with the opinions of the voters. (Loud cheers.)

The spirit of the meeting was hearty and unanimous.

MEETING OF WORKMEN IN FAVOUR OF OPENING THE CRYSTAL PALACE ON SUNDAYS.

LABOUR has formally put in its testimony in favour of opening the Crystal Palace on Sundays. On Wednesday a meeting of delegates was held at St. Martin's Hall, Mr. Henry Mayhew in the chair. They represented the opinion of 92,500 working men. There were on the platform 100 delegates, and the body of the hall was crowded to excess.

Mr. Mayhew learnedly argued that the opening of the Palace would not be a breach of Sabbath observance properly speaking. He reserved the social argument to Wednesday next. He read the following declaration of the working men which had been drawn up and signed:

"1. That the working men wish it to be understood that they are in no way desirous of questioning the authority of the decrees upon which the institution of the Sabbath in this country is founded, but merely assert for themselves the right to interpret those decrees as their consciences dictate.—2. That the mode of observing the Sunday among the early Christians proves incontrovertibly that the present Sabbath is a social rather than a divine institution.—3. That the Sabbath, whether viewed as a divine or social institution, is designed especially for the benefit of the labourer.—4. That while the working classes are desirous of obtaining such a relaxation of the present rigorous mode of observing the Sabbath as will bring it back to its true uses—the recreation and refreshing of the labourer—they are likewise especially anxious to guard the day of rest against any other encroachment than what is absolutely necessary, and at the same time to procure for their fellow workmen who may be engaged in ministering to their necessities on the Sunday some other day of rest in the week, so that the boon of the Sabbath may be equally extended to all.—5. That the working classes, moreover, desire no infringement of the day of rest, but such as is absolutely required for their physical and intellectual necessities.—6. That physical recreation is as necessary to the working man as food and drink is to him on the Sabbath.—7. That refined and intellectual enjoyment as well as the means of obtaining information are even more necessary to the working man than physical recreation on the Sabbath; and that if these necessities be denied him on the present day of rest, then two Sabbaths must be appointed in the week, one day to be observed as a day of mere repose, and the other as a day for the recreation of the mental and bodily energies of the labourer."

After Mr. Pridaux had moved the adoption of the declaration, Mr. William Newton spoke:

He agreed with Dr. Cumming that the desire for relaxation was the necessary rebound of the slavish devotion to Mammon during the week; but how was it that the clergy had never found this out till now, when they imagine their own interests were threatened? (Cheers.) The clergy had no right to complain of this state of things, for if they had not actually promoted it, they had tacitly admitted it while setting themselves up as the guardians of the public morals. (Cheers.) They had reposed on the support of the middle classes, whose pew rents and subscriptions to the schools had purchased them immunity in their oppression of the working men. (Cheers.) But it was patent to all world that the priests of this country had now ceased to hold dominion over the minds of the people. (Cheers.) Either the priests lacked the will or the power to remedy the state of things complained of; and that being so, it was for the people to plead their own cause with the legislature. Dr. Cumming said if the Crystal Palace were opened on Sunday, the same permission must be extended to the British Museum and exhibitions of various kinds. (Cheers.) But the argument told the other way—if the clergy were powerful enough to close the Crystal Palace on Sunday, they might close Hampton Court, and stop the running

railways and steamboats, in the vain attempt to force people to church. The truth was, this was not a question between the Crystal Palace and the church, but between the Crystal Palace and Battersea-fields—between it and public-houses, beer-shops, and other less reputable places of resort. (Cheers.) By raising the amusements of the people, their habits and morals would be improved; and they would thus be brought nearer to a religious frame of mind, and elevated in the social scale. Instead of opposing this measure, the clergy ought to go hand-in-hand with the working classes in seeking to obtain the boon; they would thereby do more real good than by all their learned polemical disquisitions. If they wished the working classes to have no enjoyment at all, they should first set the example. (Cheers.)

Mr. Ferdinand, of Spitalfields, and Mr. Read, on the part of the bakers, spoke in support of the resolution, which was unanimously carried. A Reverend Mr. Bayle, "Secretary of the Lord's Day Observance Society," thrust himself on the meeting, as a working dogman. He was allowed to speak for a short time, but insisted, as the minds of his audience had been long made up. The meeting adjourned until Wednesday.

DR. NEWMAN'S SENTENCE.

The great Achilli case was brought to a close on Monday. The body of the Court of Queen's Bench was very much crowded by the public, anxious to hear the sentence: Lord Campbell, Mr. Justice Coleridge, Mr. Justice Wightman, and Mr. Justice Erle, were on the bench; and a dense mass of barristers on the benches allotted to them.

The proceedings were commenced by Sir Frederick Thesiger, who moved the Court to pronounce judgment on Dr. Newman. Affidavits were then read, urging that Dr. Newman had no personal knowledge of Dr. Achilli, that he made the charges contained in the libel, believing them to be true, and that their publication was a public benefit, and moved thereto by Dr. Achilli's appearance as a lecturer at Birmingham, and his attacks on the professors of the Roman-Catholic religion; the affidavits further urged, that great difficulty had been experienced by Dr. Newman in collecting evidence, and great cost incurred. Several affidavits from medical gentlemen, among others, one from Sir Benjamin Brodie, were read, to show that serious results would follow from the infliction of imprisonment on Dr. Newman. The Attorney-General, Mr. Serjeant Wilkins, Mr. Buley, and the other counsel, ably set forth these mitigatory circumstances, and the grounds for showing mercy. Sir Frederick Thesiger followed, urging severe punishment, and inferring the worst motives from what he called the "coarse ribaldry" of the libel. The following colloquy then ensued. Sir Frederick Thesiger continued:—

As to the construction of the Act of Parliament, the idea on the other side appeared to be that the verdict of the jury went for nothing.

Lord Campbell.—So far as the issue goes the finding of the jury is conclusive.

Sir F. Thesiger understood the legislature to intend this: Suppose there were 20 charges, and the jury had found 19 true, then it would be for the court to consider the fact that nineteen out of twenty were true, in judging of the sentence they would pass; and not look to the evidence and question the jury's finding.

Lord Campbell.—We are unanimously of a different opinion. The jury have to find the issue, but not the different facts.

Sir F. Thesiger apprehended the legislature had not so intended?

Lord Campbell said the court had well considered the point, and were unanimous. That was the solemn decision of the court in refusing the rule.

Sir F. Thesiger did not think that decision went upon the ground that the court could look into the evidence as a jury.

Lord Campbell said that the court had solemnly decided that they both could and ought so to look into the evidence.

The jury would not discharge their duty without inflicting a heavy penalty on Dr. Newman. Sir Fitzroy Kelly urged a similar course. Dr. Newman then rose, and wished to address the Court, but he yielded to the prudent suggestion of Lord Campbell, and sat down. Shortly after, he stood up again, to receive judgment, and declined to sit, when offered the privilege of doing so. As senior puisne judge, Mr. Justice Coleridge then delivered the sentence.

After stating that the Court had an enlarged duty, to look to the evidence, and decide what palliation it afforded for the libel, he continued:—

I believe I speak the opinion of every member of the Court when I say that you honestly believed the truth of the allegations which you made in the plea which you put on the record. They (the Court) see no reason to deny implicit credence to the statement which you have this day made on oath, for they believe you are a man incapable of stating what is not the truth. Neither do they think that this publication arose from any reckless belief which you had taken up, but that you, receiving the story from some one whose character you respected, and having made inquiries upon the subject, and understanding that those charges had been made many months before, and had re-

ceived no contradiction, you thought you had good grounds for believing that they were true. The Court further believe that you composed and published this libel, not from any personal malice which you entertained towards Dr. Achilli, but because you thought that, as he had assailed the religion which you so much value, and came as a personal authority and eye witness of the transactions of which he spoke, it was extremely important, especially in the town of Birmingham, to which he came, that you should meet the charges which he made by exposing his character, and so deprive him of the authority which he would otherwise acquire. This brings me to the question of the actual truth or falsehood of those accusations which you put upon the plea of justification. In addressing myself to them I cannot but advert to the strong and unqualified language which your counsel have used. Upon this point I must observe, that there are many circumstances in this case which ought to induce one to pause before adopting such extraordinary and strong language as that which has been used by them on your part. In the first place, there is extreme improbability in the story which you put forward against Dr. Achilli. One can hardly believe that a man could have been so wicked for so many years, and, according to your statement, so notoriously wicked, and yet that he could have been so caressed and honoured, and trusted with so many high appointments in the Roman Catholic Church down to the time when he lapsed and separated from that church. There was another circumstance which could not fail to arrest the attention of any one who considered the matter, and that was, the motives which had been put forward by the witnesses who came from Italy. One of them said she came for the honour of the Holy Mother Church and the Virgin Mary. These were venerable names, but none more likely in the case of uneducated witnesses, when speaking of remote transactions, to lead them into error and exaggeration. Another circumstance which could not but press upon the mind was the extreme difficulty, and almost impossibility, in the way of your opponent's effectually contradicting the story. Much was said of the difficulty under which you laboured of bringing witnesses to this country to support your allegations; but in the case of Dr. Achilli, who had left the Roman Catholic church under the sentence of the Inquisition, how much more difficult would it be for him to induce witnesses to come here and speak as to his character, and to contradict the witnesses which you brought forward? All these are circumstances which the jury were right in taking into their consideration. These observations do not apply to the whole of the evidence, but they do apply to a portion of it. Taking all those circumstances into our consideration, the Court is not so entirely satisfied with the finding of the jury on these facts that, if the question of the granting a new trial had turned simply and solely on the finding of the jury as to the facts, the Court would have had no difficulty in saying that there was so much question as to the propriety of the verdict that in their opinion there ought to be a new trial, in order that the case might be again submitted to a jury. But these circumstances ought to have been more felt by those who had argued this case. His lordship was here understood to say, that the trial had been so anxiously attended by such numbers that it was impossible not to see that it was considered by many that the question at issue was one which deeply interested the church of England and the church of Rome. That, however, was an erroneous supposition. It seemed to him that the church of England, at least, had no interest in this issue. The church of England, when slandered, might have said, that however much she regretted that Dr. Newman was no longer one of her members, she could appeal to writings which had proceeded from his own pen, when one of her ministers, in favour of the soundness of her doctrines. His lordship then proceeded thus:—These observations I make because they are so obvious, and it is but fair and candid that justice should be done to the jury. The duty of the Court is to find whether your guilt is mitigated or aggravated by your plea and the evidence, and it is bound to consider the whole case against you. The plea made it necessary to set out a great many charges. Upon some portions there was evidence and upon others there was not. That evidence may have raised a probability, though not of such a character as to induce a jury to act upon it. But he who undertakes to bring forward these charges ought not to make them unless he has the best reason for believing that he will be able to prove them, for if he fails he does an injury to his neighbour. In passing from the matter of the libel, I regret to say that there is something to be said as to the manner of it, which I have noticed with infinite pain and regret. It appeared to me, as a mere matter of taste, to be totally different from the usual style of your productions, and what was much worse, there was a certain array in setting out those imputations which you closed in a manner which has exposed you to the observations made by the learned counsel (Sir F. Thesiger), which you have heard to-day I have no doubt with surprise. I allude to the manner in which you have given expression to the last charge. That, I think, lays you open to the imputation of recklessness. The spirit, too, in which you allude to the church which you have quitted is much to be condemned. His Lordship here read the first sentence of the libel, in which the defendant spoke of Protestantism, "wiping its mouth, and turning up the whites of its eyes, and trudging to the town-hall, to hear something against the Catholic Church;" and observed, that that was not the manner in which the defendant ought to have spoken of the church of which he had been so long a minister. The whole libel was conceived in the same spirit, which was one of exultation over his opponent, whom he ought to have regarded, if he believed him guilty, as a most unhappy man. Surely (the learned judge continued), if you felt yourself called upon to act as a judge and executioner of a man so full of sin as you there describe, it ought to have been with sorrow and sadness; but human nature shudders to hear the executioner, as he brandishes his sword, exulting as you did, and repeating his crimes, as if they had been matter for exultation, instead of sorrow.

I have now stated the different points of your case. I hope that even in this crowded court there is not a single individual who looks with anything like a feeling of triumph upon the spectacle which is now before it. I am sure, speaking for the Court, that the sentence which it is about to pronounce by my mouth is not intended to be the cause of exultation to any one. The punishment to be meted out to you is proportioned to the act done, and the motives under which it was done. As a member of the church of England, in which I have lived and in which I hope to die, I feel nothing so painful to my mind as seeing you in that position. I can hardly expect that you will take in good part the observations which I may make; but still I would say that the just controversy between the church of England and the church of Rome will go on, and, if you are to take any part in that controversy in future, it must be in a different temper and spirit. I will give you this warning—to meet your opponents with a calm refutation of arguments and increased holiness of life, and seek to sustain your church with a spirit of truth and holiness of life which shall be worthy of your community. The sentence of the Court is, that you pay to her Majesty a fine of £100; and, further, that you be imprisoned among the misdemeanants of the first class in the Queen's Prison till the fine be paid."

At the conclusion of the sentence, when the words "till the fine be paid," were pronounced, there was a very general titter in the Court, and loud laughter from the back benches. Dr. Newman remained in Court for a few moments, while a cheque was drawn by his attorney for the amount of the fine, and he then left with his friends.

RELIGIOUS EQUALITY MEETING AT KILLS.

KILLS is a town in county Meath, where religious feeling runs pretty high. It was resolved to hold a monster meeting there on Tuesday; and, in anticipation of disturbances, a considerable military force was in the town. Matters, however, went off peaceably, and the red coats were not required. Not more than 3000 people assembled, and the list of apologies for absence was numerous and striking. Neither Dr. Cantwell, nor Dr. M'Hale, nor Mr. George Henry Moore, the new secular leader of the party, was present. The resolutions agreed to were strongly in favour of "equality" at the expense of the established church; censures of the soap-proselytizing system alleged to be widely in operation, and a thorough denunciation of Mr. Keogh and Mr. Sadleir. Mr. Frederick Lucas, who was once an Englishman and a Quaker, said that public opinion in England was in favour of Keogh and Sadleir because they had betrayed their country. The result of the Carlow election was "hailed as a great popular victory."

In the evening about 180 of the gentlemen who had assisted in the day's proceedings assembled at a subscription dinner. When the cloth was removed the health of "The Pope" was drunk; "The Queen" followed; and the political toasts usual on such occasions were duly honoured. In the course of the speeches the Irish members who had taken office under the present Government were abused in unmitigated language. Dr. Gray announced that the Irish party had been formed by Mr. George H. Moore, M.P., and himself, and preserved from premature dissolution by a letter from Dr. M'Hale, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam. Mr. Lucas declared that the Tenant-righters had got more from the Derby Government than they had ever got from the Whigs or Peelites; and he believed that Mr. Disraeli would be—if the Irish people did not make him an enemy—worth any other six members of the House of Commons on the committee appointed to consider the Landlord and Tenant Bills. The rest of the oratory was of that character which is peculiar to such occasions.

THE MADIAT.

LORD ABERDEEN has written the following letter to the Rev. Dr. Tweedie of the Scotch Kirk:—

"London, Jan. 25, 1853.

"SIR,—I have had the honour of receiving the memorial of the Committee on Popery appointed by the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, setting forth the case of the Madiat, husband and wife, who have been imprisoned by the Tuscan Government for no other apparent offence than that of reading the Scriptures. I beg to inform you, in answer, that representations have been repeatedly addressed to the Government of the Grand Duke on behalf of these Tuscan subjects, and that a strong remonstrance was very recently made through her Majesty's Minister at Florence. I have only to add, that her Majesty's Government will lose no opportunity of protesting against an act so much at variance with the civilization of modern times, and will use all justifiable means to procure the liberation of these two unfortunate persons.—I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient humble servant,

"Rev. Dr. Tweedie."

"ABERDEEN.

Some curious attestations in favour of the general good character, charitable feelings, and noble private conduct of the Madiat have been received from a certain Catholic nun, named Rosa Felice Massi, who was a fellow-servant of the Madiat in former times. The British agitation in their behalf still goes on.

CLAIM FOR TITHE IN WHITECHAPEL.

It seems that for some years St. Mary's, Whitechapel, has escaped the infliction of tithes, whether by the discontinuance of the right, or the absence of any right, is not clear to us. But some few years ago the patrons of the living, Brasenose College, Oxford, sought to enforce payment; great agitation ensued; and in 1848, Mr. Champneys, the rector, emphatically declared that rather than the peace of the parish should be disturbed he would resign the living. In the session of 1849, a bill was introduced into parliament for the purpose of commuting all the rights to tithe into an annual charge of 1000*l.* to be paid out of the poor rates. The bill was opposed, and failed, from the right to tithe not having been legally established. As the patrons were determined to try the right, a requisition was got up by the parishioners, and numerous signed, praying the rector not to resign the living, but to allow his name to be used for the purpose. The rector, after some deliberation, deferred to the wishes of the requisitionists, and a bill in Chancery was filed against seven of the parishioners for one year's tithe only, though eight or nine years' tithes were due, and they, frightened by a Chancery suit, shirked the trial and paid the amount, with 2*l.* 1*9s.* costs. Notices were then given to twenty other parishioners of similar proceedings, if they did not pay within ten days. They requested the rector, who was the nominal plaintiff, to give further time, and he at once withdrew the notices, promising further notices before proceedings were taken. At this stage, on the requisition of the twenty parishioners, a vestry-meeting, held on Thursday, was called. It was well attended; and the following strong resolutions were unanimously passed:—

"That this vestry, being informed that a bill in Chancery had been filed against seven of the parishioners for the recovery of certain moneys alleged to be due as tithes, without any previous notice, and that many others of the parishioners had been threatened with like proceedings, and calling in mind the pledge given by the rector, in public vestry, on the 23rd of November, 1848, that he would sooner resign the living than plunge the parish into litigation, and it being credibly reported that the rector had stated that the fact was, these proceedings were taken by Brasenose College in his name, this vestry cannot but express its vehement indignation that such proceedings should have been taken after the failure of the claim set up by the rector and college in the bill before Parliament in the session of 1849; that the lively sympathy of this vestry be, and is, hereby expressed towards the parishioners against whom proceedings have been taken or threatened, and that they be assured of the support and aid of their fellow-vestrymen by all lawful means in their power;—That the rector having stated before a parliamentary committee in 1842 that his income was derived partly from fees in the church and partly from tithe, or, more properly speaking, Easter offerings, this meeting will refer it to the consideration of a committee to ascertain by advice of counsel or otherwise, and to report to a public vestry, what course it is best to pursue with respect to the claim now set up, and that the following gentlemen [reciting some ten names] constitute a committee to carry out the foregoing resolutions;—and That this meeting cannot without shame and regret observe the fact reported by the committee of investigation, appointed on the 23rd November, 1848, that the rectorial tithe books, prior to 1730, have been destroyed by previous rectors, and that the committee be instructed to obtain from the rector an accurate copy of the oldest collecting book which now exists, for the information and use of the parishioners."

A resolution, corresponding with one passed on the 20th January, 1849, in favour of the voluntary principle, was also carried; and a vote of thanks to the chairman concluded the proceedings. In justice to the rector, it is but right to add that, with one exception, his conduct and character were spoken of in the highest terms; and Mr. Black, Unitarian minister, stated that he was credibly informed the College of Brasenose had peremptorily called on him to resign, if he would not institute proceedings to establish his alleged rights.

HOLMFIRTH MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

MR. CORDEN delivered a homely and sensible address at the annual meeting of the members of the Holmfirth Mechanics' Institution, on Wednesday. On his way thither he received an address from a number of working men. During his speech he told the following capital story:—

"I remember waiting upon a person holding the doctrine, that the poor may be too much educated, in Manchester, about sixteen years ago, when I and others were engaged in the work of starting the Manchester Athenaeum. I was employed in waiting upon the principal merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen of the town, asking for subscriptions towards establishing the Athenaeum. One gentleman met me with this objection:—'I think the people are a good deal too much educated already. I don't think we shall be safe if they are to be educated any more; and our property will be in danger if this goes on.' (A laugh.) Well, I met him by putting to him this question:—'Will you tell me in what period of the world's history you would rather have lived than the present in order to have had your vast fortune safer than it is now?' Well, he could not answer me. (Hear, hear.)

I urged him to point out the period he would have selected.—'Would you have preferred the last reign or the reign before, or the reign of George I., or the reign of Queen Anne, or that of Queen Elizabeth, in order to have lived in greater security both as regards your person and property?' ('Hear, hear,' and laughter.) Why, he could not tell me. (Hear, hear.) And so I answered my own question, by saying, 'You would be much safer if you lived thirty or forty years hence, but not if you were to go back to any time however remote.' (Applause.) This is the tendency of these institutions; and yet people are to be found who charge against them that they produce disaffection, disloyalty, and revolution. Now, disaffection and revolution come to the people from misgovernment, and misgovernment is more likely to be attempted upon an ignorant than upon an educated people. We have been well told that 'Oppression makes wise men mad.' (Hear, hear.) And I remember this being very well applied by a man who was lecturing upon the corn laws at Bury—a man, perhaps, not highly educated, yet by no means destitute of shrewdness. The lecturer said:—'Oppression makes wise men mad. If it makes 'wise men mad,' what man it do wi' fools, then?' (Laughter and loud applause.) I think, gentlemen, you will agree with the inference which the lecturer left his auditory to draw, that whatever effect misgovernment or oppression had upon wise men, it must produce worse and more disastrous effects when the ignorant and the fools come to deal with it.' (Applause.)

It is worth notice, that among the speakers at the gathering, were the three ministers of the town—the Church of England Clergyman, and the Independent and Unitarian ministers.

BENEFITS OF CO-OPERATION.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE LEEDS FLOUR AND PROVISION SOCIETY.

WE have received a valuable contribution from an esteemed Leeds correspondent, which we readily place before our readers, many of whom, in the bustle of politics, will be glad to see that the co-operative principle is not forgotten.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

Leeds, Feb. 1, 1853.

GENTLEMEN,—In your sympathy for the people's weal you have often indicated co-operation as a most profitable means for elevating the social condition of the great masses. The most sanguine friend to co-operation must, however, admit that its results have hitherto been pure adventure, and as such it becomes very desirable to chronicle every experiment, its success or failure, in order to test the principle itself, and to discriminate whether either or both are the results of principle, or the accidents of position and management. In this spirit I beg to forward to you the audited statements of the present position of the Leeds Co-operative Flour and Provision Society, as read at the eleventh half-yearly meeting, on the 26th of January, 1853, from June 30th to December 31st, 1852, inclusive.

To render the results clear to your readers, I must explain, that when the society was founded, its object was to counteract the exorbitant charges of the millers of our locality, and to check a then very extensive practice of adulteration.

It was, therefore, established as a *fundamental rule*, that a pure article should be furnished "to members only, at as near prime cost as possible." The consequence was, that flour was reduced through the whole borough *twopence* per stone *immediately*, while corn continued the same price. As we furnished at cost price, our members have still had flour at 1*d.* to 1½*d.* per stone less than the public, besides the above general reduction.

Certain irremediable difficulties attached to the early rules, and many disadvantages resulting thence, caused its prudent members to soon wish a change in the fundamental principle of *cost price*, as well as a great alteration in the arrangement of working. The state of the law prevented such changes, and until the late act relating to Friendly Societies passed, during the last session of Parliament, we felt it useless to attempt amendment. That act enabled us to sell to the public, at a remunerating price; to accumulate, to extend, and to divide; to sue and be sued; and, in other words, placed us as a co-operative company in the precise relation of other trading companies—legalised our transactions, and protected us in carrying out the commercial principles alone found soundly operative in all other commercial affairs.

Prior to the passing of the act enabling us to sell at remunerating price, and to sell to the public, it is clear as a society we could never, by rule, accumulate; and if we broke the rule to do so, we had no legal protection. Still, there had been almost unavoidably some little accumulation, as in the half-pence and farthings per stone, the committee always took the benefit of that which they could not split.

In January, 1852, we had near 3000 members, who having paid 20*s.* per share each, would make the capital 3000*l.*, but the real worth of the society had grown up to 4392*l.*, being a gain of 1392*l.* during five years working at cost price.

A mill has been purchased for the purpose of grinding corn, the cost of which, and the machinery, amounts to 4700*l.*, of which 1000*l.* is owing. The sunk capital, 3700*l.* from 4392*l.*, leaves, of course, 692*l.* floating capital to trade with at the beginning of the year. And now, gentlemen, and gentle readers, what think you has been the result of co-operation with this money during the last year, comparing it with any private concern, and managed however economically you will? Compare any other results with this, and see how we stand. During the year passed, we have received in contributions from members, 306*l.*; and we paid out as *bonuses from profit*, 679*l.*, yet the worth of the society is now declared as 5543*l.*, showing a clear gain this year of 1524*l.*! The 20*s.* share has become worth 43*s.* 4*d.*, of which 5*s.* 4*d.* has been already paid as a bonus to members, 8*s.* is now about being paid, and still 30*s.* per share is left; the members agreeing to fund 10*s.* per share to carry on with, and to pay the other 1000*l.* owing upon the mill. 692*l.* trading capital has thus made 1524*l.*, more than 200 per cent. per annum: *rather* good for co-operation, this! But, readers, this is not the whole truth,—we have not been practising co-operation upon general commercial principles more than four months. We were only registered to sell to the public on the 14th of December, 1852; but previously, for three or four months, the shopkeepers had sold to the public, and lower than the public price; we are now a penny per stone lower than the other millers, and still the last month cleared 500*l.* profit.

The Leeds Times, in giving the above results in their account of the meeting, queries, and asks,—"Is there not some mistake?" In this result? To this the Leeds can answer, the result is true, the money has been made, and we *actually* have it to the good. We are well aware that no private concern has, or could do, any such thing, even with twice the capital; and if it be asked, have we any miraculous power that enables us to do what to others is impossible? we answer, Yes, and our charm is co-operation.

Three thousand people agreeing to certain rules, we enabled to economise capital and labour, without which such arrangement would be impossible. It would take too much space to show our modes of operation, as superior to others—one or two instances, however, may be given. We have a certain number of shopkeepers, through whom *only* the plan can be obtained. These shopkeepers, being our servants, and paid by us, are obliged to conform to such regulations as are needful to the general good; to order at such times, and receive in such way, as enables our labour, horses, and carts, to be most economically employed. Each shopkeeper, before an order can be given for goods, must first pay not less than ten pounds into the Bank of England's branch, upon showing the receipt of which, orders are taken, and supplied to the amount. We have thus as *bad debts*!—no fraud of cashiers, &c. &c., and you will perceive that capital is thus furnished by the shopkeepers, and, before our stock can be sold, there is always money to go on with. So well can this arrangement be worked, that we can actually turn over our capital, on the average, once per week, and, during the last month, goods were paid for, sold, and delivered,—(mark the order,) to the amount of 4723*l.* This rapidity of our return of capital, is one great source of our success. The amount gained, though great, upon the capital, is, in reality, but a very small per centage upon the amount of business done. Four per cent. upon our returns would realize, besides paying all expenses, more than 200*l.* per cent. upon capital, and this result all men of business well know, in our present mode of dealing, is perfectly impossible. To this result, I would beg the attention of both political economists and capitalists, in order to show how much might be gained by a better arrangement, and how much, nationally, we lose, from our present individual selfishness in action. Without an *extensive common agreement*, we cannot economise either labour or capital, and without *participation in benefits*, we cannot have *extensive agreement*. True, there are many evils and disadvantages experienced in the working of so many differently constituted minds; and ignorance and prejudice to overcome, not needed where one trained mind has the power to command; yet, notwithstanding this, all has been met, and we can present this glorious economic result.

The moral bearing of this experiment should not be overlooked;—hundreds, who before knew nothing of business, prudence, or management, have been trained to all; and, though some errors, naturally arising, have had to be paid for rather dearly, the society will be all the better for the advance that numbers of our members have thus made in intelligence. We have turned over near 150,000*l.* as a Society, without having made 10*s.* in bad debts. Who can value the lessons taught thus in prudence, honesty, and forethought

as compared with the openings to vice, debt, and improvidence, our usual mode of credit induces?

Another economic fact is worthy of attention, and illustrates what you, the *Leader*, have often instanced. Too many salesmen in a trade tend to raise the standard of price, instead of lowering it, by competition; because, as all must live, their profits must be levied accordingly, and, if there are more than needful, we pay just so much the more. This we avoid, by limiting the number of our shopkeepers to a certain amount of business, which, if not done, they are displaced, and thus a wage at the rate of 1s. per bag, for selling, pays them well, whereas 2s. is often obtained by other shopkeepers, who probably do not get as much as ours do, because they sell much less. This item of savings to our society amounts to a very considerable sum, in upwards of 2000 bags per month. I have not touched upon a title of the advantages we command, as co-operatives, though, perhaps, there is sufficient to merit attention. During the period of our experiment, there has been the worst trade crisis the milling trade has ever experienced. In our locality, ten or twelve mills have become bankrupt; all have complained; and it is only just now the tide has turned from a steady and continual fall in price. If we have stood this, with our experience to gain, I leave you to judge whether our success is not likely to be sound and lasting. The trade loudly denounce our results,—they cannot understand it, and so say it is not true; but the members have only to go on to see greater things still. As a sort of philosophic puzzle and social contrariety, I may add, we have a great opposition manifested by some members to extending our operations into other departments of human requirements, as well as a strong wish to draw out bonuses immediately, instead of accumulating to extend. Ignorance is the principal cause, doubtless; but let a few more experiments be made, like the Leeds Flour Mill, and we shall be certain to see this principle of co-operation extend, deepen, and grow into a blessing to the members and society in general.

Most respectfully, &c.,

Neville-street.

J. H.

P.S.—Shillings and pence have not been reckoned, to avoid complexity.

We append the report of the society, which was unanimously adopted:—

The directors of the "Leeds Co-operative Flour and Provision Society," (late Leeds District Flour Mill Society,) have great pleasure in laying the accompanying balance sheet before the members. The prospects of the Society were never brighter, with proper management, a glorious future awaits us. Our trade is still improving—rapidly improving. The last half year of the Society has been the best half year, and the last month the best month in the half year. We have ground more grain, and at a proportionable less cost, than during any month since the commencement of the Society.

Twelve months since we considered 1200 bags a fair month's work; this month we have ground no less a quantity than 1872. If we turn to the profit made we have a still better result. During the last year we have made a profit of 1524. 2s. 2½d. 800l. of it being made during the last month. We have not been two months certified, and yet we have added a profit of more than 700l. Spread the news far and wide; show your neighbours the balance sheet; tell them you have realised 10s. in one year on a capital of twenty shillings! Ask them to join, and help to push forward this glorious principle, which shall raise the working man beyond the reach of poverty, and cheer and bless the world.

The vexed question of revision of rules is now happily set at rest. They are certified, and are now the rules of the Society. We can now sell to the public legally, and at a fair remunerating price. The little experience we have had of selling to the public speaks well for the general principle, and the men deserve well who so nobly and perseveringly advocated this doctrine, and brought it to a successful issue.

Notice has been given of a proposition to increase the shares from 20s. to 30s. This will require some explanation. Formerly, when our numbers were small, and our sales limited to members, consumption was what we wanted, and not money. Now that we sell to the public, it is money that we want, for the purpose of providing a sufficiency of the raw material, as well as consumption. A glance at the accounts will explain this. We have a sunk capital of 3700l.; we owe for the purchase-money of the mill 1000l., making a sum of 4700l., without allowing one halfpenny for grain. During the last month we sold and delivered goods amounting to 4723. 11s. 11d., or nearly 1200l. per week. We must have at the least one week's stock of grain; we ought to have more, or we shall be compelled to buy every week, whatever state, condition, quality, or price the market may be in; but say the very lowest possible working point, 1000l., which, added to 4700l., makes a total of 5700l.; supposing we do not pay off the 1000l., it leaves us 4700l. With what shall we meet this? The number of paid up members is about 3000, which, at 17 per share, is 51000l., leaving a deficiency of 17000l., or 7000l. less than the capital already sunk in the mill. 3000 members, at 30s. per member, would give 45000l., leaving a deficiency of 2000l.; but this would soon be made up from the constant influx of new members.

But some one asks, how do you pay now? We owe near 900l. for the last bonus, and have a further accumulation of profits for the last year of 10s. per member. This is the money with which we work. Supposing the shares be advanced to 30s., then every member who has not got his share, that is, who has only got his flour, and his other bonus remaining in the Society, would stand thus:—1st bonus, 8s.; 2nd bonus, 10s.—total, 18s. The member would have to receive 8s. from the Society, which could be paid at once. Those who have received both bonuses would have nothing to pay, and then every member would have paid 30s. per share. Suppose you refuse to advance the shares, the directors, who ever they may be, will be obliged to keep the money. No Board can pay money unless they have it, and in order to meet their payments, they must keep it, whether you term it bonus, or profit, or share, or whatsoever you choose to call it. If you leave it in without raising the shares, any one by paying 20s. will participate in the profits previously made. Advance the shares to 30s., and the whole of the bonus can be paid at once; keep them as they are, and it cannot. But you

said 20s. per share was sufficient to work the mill. Yes, to work it, but not to pay it. With 3000l. the mill could be worked efficiently, if we rented a place; but 3000l. will not pay for a freehold, and buy machinery value 47000l. If any one said it could, they committed a grave error. Cannot you buy on credit? Yes; but not to advantage. If we buy on credit, we must pay credit prices, and then farewell to cheap flour, and farewell to bonuses. No; as we stated in our last report, ready money must be our motto. Ready money goes through the world and holds up the head, while credit reels into back rooms and fears the light of day. If we wish to be free and independent, we must pay for what we get. With ready money we can command the best article at the cheapest rate: with credit we must take what we can get.

One word as to the choice of trustees and directors. The Society is just now in a state of transition. The whole of the board need election. The trustees need election. Be cautious, and before you vote, think. At the risk of being misunderstood and misinterpreted, we would say, be careful, and do not elect untried men; men who have had no experience in such affairs. You would have needed no caution if we had only been electing half of the board, as formerly, as there would have been at least one half who would have had some experience in the matter. The directors, after mature consideration, thought they would not be doing their duty if they did not recommend some plan of action to the members. They recommend the following gentlemen as likely persons to fill the office of trustees—viz. John Ardill, cardmaker, Burley; David Green, stationer, Leeds; William West, tailor, Leeds; John Holmes, draper, Leeds; and William Eggleston, merchant, Leeds. They likewise strongly recommend that R. M. Carter be president, and Samuel Sands, vice-president.

On behalf of the Board,
EDWIN GAUST, Secretary.

EARL ST. GERMANS IN DUBLIN.

THE Earl of St. Germans made his public entry into Dublin at three o'clock on Thursday afternoon. The day turned out very fine, and he rode on horseback from Westland-row to the Castle. His reception along the route was extremely cordial. A body of the University students cheered the Earl as the cortège passed the College. The Lord Mayor and Corporation preceded the procession from the railway terminus to the Castle.

The Countess of St. Germans and the Ladies Eliot rode in a close carriage, and were also cordially greeted by the spectators stationed in the streets.

MORE OF THE AGAPEMONE.

We find the following report in the morning journals. Matters, it is said, are not proceeding very smoothly at this establishment near Bridgewater, and it is not improbable that some of its mysteries may shortly be exposed. An affair has recently occurred which has caused much gossip in the neighbourhood. It appears that about five years ago, Mr. James Rouse, an attorney, of North Curry, Somersetshire, became an inmate, with his wife, of the "Abode of Love," conforming, of course, to one of its paramount conditions, by conveying all his property in favour of that institution. Weary, at last, of the usage he experienced, and disgusted with the conduct of those around him, he contemplated his escape; but, aware of such intention, he was vigilantly kept in surveillance, and no opportunity of effecting his object presented itself until the night of Sunday, the 16th ult., when he managed to make his way over the walls of the building, and leaving his wife therein, he succeeded in reaching the house of his brother, a respectable farmer of North Curry, where he was kindly received, and congratulated on his return. The retention of Mrs. James Rouse soon attracted the attention of the family, and her rescue was undertaken by Mr. Rouse's brother. Accordingly, with a companion, they left North Curry in a light carriage, and were proceeding towards Charlton, when, at a four crossway on the road, they encountered one of the vehicles belonging to the Agapemone, driven by a servant on the box, and Mrs. Rouse in the rumble, who was delighted at the prospect of her release from captivity. A few words sufficed to announce Mr. Rouse's intention, but it was vehemently resisted by the Agapemone chariotier, who resolutely refused to admit of her leaving the carriage. Mr. Rouse, however, was not to be deterred, and brandishing a stout oaken cudgel, contested the matter too strenuously to render his victory doubtful. The struggle, however, continued for some time, to the great terror of the poor woman, whose habiliments were disordered in the contest; and it was not until she was dragged out of the hind part of the carriage that Mr. Rouse ultimately succeeded in placing her in his own vehicle, in which he then rapidly drove off to North Curry. The head of the establishment still continues to flaunt about the neighbourhood in a carriage-and-four, with outriders in rich livery, and escorted by bloodhounds. It is not improbable that Mr. Rouse will seek to recover his property, and obtain redress for his coerced detention. It is stated that several other inmates have avowed their determination of quitting the establishment.

HOW ONE MAY LIVE AND DIE IN ENGLAND.

MR. ELLIOTT, at the Lambeth Police-court, was occupied on Wednesday in an extraordinary investigation touching the death of Mr. William Jones, an aged gentleman of fortune, residing at Springfield Cottage, Acre-lane, Brixton. Elizabeth Vickers, a middle-aged well-dressed woman, who had for many years lived in the capacity of housekeeper to deceased, stood charged with having caused his death by violent means. Vickers, so it had been arranged, became entitled to the bulk of the aged man's property, to the exclusion of the relatives. It appears from the evidence, that the prisoner had long held complete ascendancy over the infirm master; indeed, her influence was such that of late the cruellest prison life would have been merciful compared to what the subjugated gentleman had received in his own house, at the hands of his masculine housekeeper. Miss Susan Allen, residing next door, stated that Elizabeth Vickers came to live with Mr. Jones thirteen years ago. On New Year's Day, she spoke with Mr. Jones over the

garden fence. This was a week prior to his death, and he then appeared in excellent health, and cheerful, although displaying marks of having been cruelly treated. Miss Allen observed a very large bruise on the right side of his head, as big as a walnut, and another just above that, as large as a moderate sized tea-cup, which was still bleeding, his night-cap being saturated with blood. The strangest part of the affair is the infatuation of deceased in cheerfully submitting to a series of cruelties and manifesting no desire of escape. Miss Allen had seen the prisoner beat the old man with her clenched fists, and pull him about the garden by his grey hairs. For the last twelve months not a week had passed in which the cruel servant had not beaten the master, who had in his dotage made over to his keeper the sum of 10000l. Miss Allen believed Vickers had not been sober an entire day except Sundays for a year. Mrs. Annie Gray had been a next door neighbour up to the 6th of December. She had been an ear-witness to the dreadful doings at Springfield cottage; had spoken with the aged gentleman, had commiserated with, and proffered her services. The old man, in his anguish, had told her that he was a "miserable man." Vickers and Mr. Jones had quarrels about money matters. Mrs. Gray had heard prisoner say, "Give me the money and let me go!" at the same time beating the old man, who would reply, "Don't leave me; I cannot lose you." Mrs. Gray had heard cries of "murder;" and had spoken to a policeman. The old man's life was made up of blows and groans. Relatives called to take the old man away, but were unable to obtain admission, such was the vigilance of the domestic turnkey and the decrepitude of the victim. We now come to the night of the old man's death. Miss Maria Hammond lived next door. On the night when Mr. Jones died, she was much disturbed by noises in the next house. From the voices she could distinctly tell that only the prisoner and Jones were in the room (the back parlour) at the time. Heard Vickers talking angrily, and heard the deceased say, "O! what do you say?" Miss Hammond immediately after heard a heavy fall upon the floor, followed by a death-like silence, during which not so much as a whisper was to be heard. The silence was at length broken by the prisoner opening the door and admitting, as Miss Hammond believed, some persons to her assistance. She could distinctly hear several voices, and for the remaining part of the morning the noises appeared to be most "unpleasant." Miss Hammond here described the noises to resemble the scratching or scraping of the floor with a shovel. Other witnesses were examined, whose evidence went to confirm that which we have detailed.

On being apprehended the prisoner offered a desperate resistance; Superintendent Lund "was as nothing in her hands;" and Sergeant Quinncar had to help in her capture. The prisoner, who throughout the investigation behaved with great levity, was remanded, in order that her trial might not come on before her law advisers had had time to prepare a defence.

PRACTICAL USE OF THE SPY SYSTEM.

We are only going to narrate a police-case, so the reader need not expect an essay. Four Frenchmen, two named Albert, and two named Leon and Berville, were charged before Mr. Corrie, at Clerkenwell, with stealing fifty-two sovereigns. They denied the charge, saying that it was got up through spite, as they had been challenged with getting up an "infernal machine."—Mr. Corrie questioned the officers upon the subject.—Sergeant John Saunders, of the detective force, said that the prisoners Albert and Leon had, by fraud and conspiracy, obtained 3l. from the French ambassador, by pretending that the prisoner Leon was privately manufacturing an "infernal machine" of an improved description, in order to take away the life of the Emperor Louis Napoleon. The prisoners Albert were the informants. They communicated with the French ambassador, stating that Leon had taken a cellar in a house in Theobald's-row, Red Lion-square, in which he occupied himself by making an "infernal machine" to assassinate Louis Napoleon. They had an interview with the Ambassador, who made the affair known to Sir Richard Mayne, the police commissioner, and for a length of time numerous officers in plain clothes had been privately watching the house, and the manoeuvres of the prisoners, both by day and night. Sergeant Saunders was deputed to call upon the French Ambassador, when he happened to find the prisoners Albert there, to give "important information about the infernal machine," and the ambassador handed them 3l. Saunders then, pursuant to instructions, made proper inquiries, and on visiting the "cellar" in Theobald's-row, he merely found a few rusty old gun-barrels, but nothing else that the Ambassador, Louis Napoleon, or any one else need be afraid of, and it was evidently a trick or conspiracy to extort money. He, previously to this, called upon the Alberts, who persisted in demanding 10l. and then 30l., before they would give further information, and he suggested to the French Ambassador not to give them any more money. The Ambassador, however, declined prosecuting them for obtaining money under false pretences. He added that there were two other persons connected with the prisoners, whom the police were in pursuit of, and he requested a remand of the prisoners.—Mr. Corrie thought there was sufficient evidence to commit the Alberts and Leon, but he would remand them for a week, and he should discharge Berville for want of sufficient evidence to detain him.

CRIMINAL RECORD.

Miss Goodwin lived at Battle with her sister, engaged in the dressmaking line. Mr. Pegge, of Hastings, saw her, and was introduced to her. After due courtship, during which Miss Goodwin presented Mr. Pegge with 2 child, and subsequently with another, he having promised to marry her, Mr. Pegge deserted her, and married another woman who had money. Miss Goodwin then sued him for damages in the Court of Queen's Bench, and the case

was tried on Wednesday. The defence set up was that the Goodwins had led low and improper lives; and witnesses were brought to prove that they had received young men at their house who smoked and drank there. One of the witnesses swore that he was there frequently, in the bedrooms sometimes, that he had sat in the lap of Miss Goodwin, and been most familiar with her sister. The sister denied these things; but she declined to say whether she had been always continent. The jury, for a wonder, believed the woman, or at least thought her case a hard one, and brought in a verdict of damages for the plaintiff, 50l.

Stewart, a clever metropolitan *chevalier d'industrie*, has been charged this week with swindling certain verdant dwellers in Cockaigne, out of "goods and monies." He proposed to extract oil from London clay, and gum arabic from beet-root, by electric agency. They paid for the apparatus, he pocketed the seller's commission. The magistrate did not hold that it was quite swindling.

We pride ourselves on the perfect safety of street-travelling, and not without reason, although garotte robberies do happen, and women are sometimes assaulted by other persons than their husbands. A case of the latter kind came before Mr. Hall, at Bow-street, on Monday, in which a Mr. Potts, Ormerod Potts, preferred a charge against a Mr. Burgess, "gentleman," for assault. About seven on Saturday evening, Mr. Potts was walking along Pall-Mall, accompanied by his wife, and when opposite the Reform Club he left her for a few moments, desiring her to walk quickly towards the end of the Mall, and then return, while he stepped into the club to speak to a gentleman. He was detained a few minutes only, but on walking down the steps to rejoin his wife he saw her at a short distance in great distress, leaning against the railings and exclaiming, as she pointed to Burgess, "he has insulted me." Mr. Potts demanded an explanation. Burgess replied, "I did not know the lady was your wife. I will go back and apologise to her." Potts rejoined, "Before I accept your apology I must learn the nature of the insult." Mrs. Potts said, that while she was walking from the club, Burgess came quickly behind her, and putting his hand into her muff, exclaimed, "My dear, where are you going?" at the same time pushing his hand up her sleeve to the elbow. She forced his hand away, and told him that she was a married lady, and that her husband would be with her instantly. He replied, "Your husband! Oh, no; I will protect you. Your way is mine, and wherever you go I'll go." She then saw her husband running down the steps of the Reform Club, and said, "Thank God, he is here." Potts, on hearing this statement said, "You must be a d— coward to insult a lady in this way, and if I had been with her I would have broken your neck." Burgess insolently took Mrs. Potts by the wrist for the purpose of showing how it occurred. She withdrew from him indignantly, and Potts, irritated by his conduct, called him a "d— mob." Burgess, in a supercilious manner, said, "I am sorry for what has happened, and have apologised to the lady, and if you are not satisfied with that, here is my card." Potts tore up the card in his face, and, taking his wife's arm, was about to walk away with her, when Burgess struck him a blow. Potts returned it, and a scuffle ensued, during which they both fell upon the pavement—Burgess managing to get over him, and striking him several blows in the face while in that position. Mr. Hall severely lectured Mr. Burgess, and fined him 5l., which of course he instantly paid.

At Bakewell Petty Sessions on Friday week, Mr. Siddall, of Dronfield, was summoned for trespassing in pursuit of game. It appeared that on the 13th of November last, Mr. Siddall was shooting on land at Totley, over which he had the right of sporting. He shot a bird, which dropped on land belonging to the Duke of Rutland. Leaving his attendant, with his dog and gun, he stepped over the fence to fetch the dead bird. This constituted the trespass now complained of. The magistrates decided that Mr. Siddall had been guilty of the trespass in pursuit of game, inasmuch as the bird continued to fly after it had been shot at: they therefore inflicted a penalty of 5s. and costs.

An investigation into the indulgent treatment accorded to Kirwan in Kilmainham gaol, has ended in the resignation of the deputy governor.

Agrarian outrage has shown itself in Westmeath. Some days ago a farmer named Farrell was shot in his own house at Killebeggan by a party of armed men, the cause assigned being that he had taken land from which the former tenant had been evicted. Another murder has been perpetrated at a place called Joneslake, adjacent to Moate in the same county. The victim in this case, Thomas Kerry, was waylaid on Thursday week by four men, who beat him so dreadfully with bludgeons that he died on the following morning. The unfortunate man was in the employment of an enterprising English farmer, Mr. Sills, who rents the farm at Joneslake, where he has been successfully carrying on the manufacture of cheese. It appears that on Wednesday week a labourer named Marsh, in the employment of Mr. McDonald, a Scotch Roman Catholic gentleman, who purchased the demesne of Castle Daly, in the Encumbered Estates Court, was fired at in his own house, but fortunately escaped with a slight wound in the thigh, a quantity of slugs having lodged in the wall beside him. These crimes are imputed to the spread of ribonism; which is now known to have its lodges in England and Scotland, as well as Ireland.

Halliday, who is accused of having assaulted and caused the death of Mrs. Duffin in the railway carriage, has been committed for trial.

Mrs. Sloane was discharged from Newgate on Wednesday. Her husband died some time ago. They will be remembered for having subjected Jane Wilbred, their servant, to unheard-of cruelties.

The little child, Gaywood, having died in the Greenwich Union from the effects of the treatment she received at the hands of the woman Oldham, a Coroner's Inquest has been held. The jury returned a verdict that Gaywood had died from water on the brain, accelerated by the injury inflicted by the nurse Mary Ann Oldham. Coroner.—That,

gentlemen, amounts to a verdict of "Manslaughter." Is that your verdict? Foreman.—It is. The coroner then issued his warrant for the committal of Oldham to Newgate.

As a lady was standing on the platform of the Great Western terminus at Paddington, a fellow came up and openly snatched her purse from her hand. Not a single policeman, official, or detective was at hand, and the thief got off! This is rather too bad.

Adams, a post-office official, receiving a salary of £400 a year, has been sentenced to fifteen years' transportation for embezzlement.

The City Recorder has adjourned the trial of "Captain" Johnson until the next sessions, in order that Mrs. Stewart, who is now very poor, may find funds to prosecute him as he deserves. It appears that more evidence seems to be required.

Edward Bragg was a clerk at the Great Western Railway station, Paddington; and he possessed a great taste for the property of other persons. The company have established a library, to which the clerks and officers subscribed. By one of the rules it is set forth, that should the library be dissolved, the books should be held to be the property of the company. Bragg took out a book and pawned it. The assistant-judge at the Middlesex Sessions construed the rule to mean that the company had no ownership in the books until the library was dissolved; consequently, as a man cannot rob himself, so Bragg could not have stolen the book. The counsel then said that there was a similar charge against Bragg for stealing a snuff-box, but as the same question of ownership arose on it, he should not press the charge. But Bragg was caught at last. When searched at the police-station, a duplicate for a coat fell from his pocket—he had stolen it from a fellow-clerk, and Mr. Sergeant Adams sent him to prison for nine months.

An investigation is going on at the Mansion-house into a charge of killing a native of Honolulu, preferred by certain other natives against the mate of a ship. The names of two are "Tom of Ohau," "Joe of Ohau." Before they were admitted to give evidence, the lord-mayor questioned each as to his knowledge of the nature of an oath; and he received the following reply:—"A man who tells a lie will have nothing but pain hereafter. (Pointing to the fire.) The spirit of a good man will leave his body and go to heaven. The truth is always told when the heart is warm (purely directed.) God is Jehovah in heaven. The body dies, goes to dust. The soul lives after death. It never dies. The oath I take is like a prayer, calling upon God to look and see that what I say is true." The evidence was conflicting and the case adjourned.

The Tribunal of Correctional Police recently tried a man, named Verault, for a very impudent piece of swindling. On New Year's day he went round to all the customers of a manufacturer, pretending to be his porter, and wishing them all the compliments of the season, obtained presents of money from them. When the real Simon Pure arrived he was told, to his great mortification, that nothing could be given to him. In his defence the accused maintained that he had done nothing wrong. "I had the trouble," said he, "of going to the customers, wearing out my boots and a pair of Berlin gloves; I had the trouble of wishing them many happy returns of the day, and that they might go to Paradise at the end of their lives; and yet it is pretended that I was not to accept the money they offered! Why, I had clearly earned it—and you know, M. President, that we should give to Caesar what belongs to Caesar!" Unmoved by this reasoning, the tribunal condemned the man to three months' imprisonment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We observe that Queen Victoria has taken both walking and driving exercise this week, walking in the park with the Duchess of Nemours, on Monday morning; and driving out with Prince Albert and the Duke and Duchess of Nemours, in the afternoon.

Among the guests this week have been the Orleans Princes, the Duke and Duchess of Leinster, the Earl of Carlisle, the Earl of Mulgrave, the Lord Chancellor and Lady Cranworth, the Earl of Aberdeen, the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, Lord and Lady Ashburton, Mr. Sidney Herbert and Mrs. Herbert, and Sir William and Lady Molesworth.

Prince Albert's recorded out-door pursuits are still the healthy exercise of hunting and shooting.

Macbeth was played before the Queen last night by Mr. Charles Kean.

The labourers of South Wiltshire have struck for higher wages, and a settlement on Friday, instead of Saturday. The movement has been gathering head all the week, and looks likely to be successful.

The Dundee sail-makers and shipwrights have obtained a rise in their wages; and the coal-miners of Ayrshire have also obtained a rise. In the latter case, the masters have raised the price of coal 3s., of which the men got 1s., making the wages 4s. a day.

The Government shipwrights at Devonport met on Monday, and adopted a memorial to the Admiralty. They pray that their wages may be advanced; as they now obtain only 4s. a day, while merchant shipwrights are getting 6s. and 7s. a day.

The carpenters and joiners of Bristol have also asked for an advance.

Eleven Greenwich watermen emigrated to Australia last week; others are expected to follow them.

Emigration from Liverpool, chiefly to the United States, has gone on rapidly increasing for the last twelve years. In 1840, it was 40,000; in 1862, 229,000.

A young gentleman of Glasgow, who has shipped for Australia these last four years, now finds that he has made £40,000 by successful consignments of rough goods to that quarter! This may appear incredible, but it is nevertheless a fact.—*North British Mail*.

Mr. William Howitt, writing from Melbourne, on the 20th of September, notifies that Bank of England notes are at a discount there of 20 per cent. They are not legal tender. He urges intending emigrants not to bring out notes, but gold. He complains of everything as dreadfully dear; and says that the emigrant will be lucky if he fights his way to the diggings with "the skin of his teeth" untouched.

The *Dumfries and Galloway Standard* has hunted out a Kirkpatrick of Conneath, who is a grand aunt of the Empress of the French.

We understand Viscount Combermere, as constable of the Tower, has received her Majesty's commands to prepare, forthwith, a suitable place for the reception of the funeral car upon which the remains of the late lamented Duke of Wellington were conveyed to their last resting-place. It is intended that the car shall be exhibited to the public without any unnecessary restriction.—*Morning Post*.

The following paragraph from the *Standard* leaves Mr. Perceval's connexion with a certain club no longer a matter of doubt. "The noblemen and members of Parliament belonging to the National Club intend to have a Parliamentary dinner on the re-assembling of Parliament. The Earl of Clancarty will preside on the occasion, and Mr. Perceval, the late candidate for the University of Oxford, will be of the party. The majority of the dinner list has already been filled up with the names of leading members of the club." Mr. Perceval is here played as a trump card.

That Chantrey's grave may not be without mark, the vicar of Norton, Derbyshire, where Chantrey was born, and where he lies buried in a grave of his own making, proposes to raise a subscription to erect a plain granite obelisk to his memory.

The following very extraordinary statement appears in the *Belfast Banner*:—"We have received from an Edinburgh correspondent a letter, dated the 29th ult., in which it is stated that, during the last week, a French steamer has been cruising off Berwick, and every night the men are engaged in taking soundings of the Tweed, while during the day artists are employed in making sketches of the coast. Our contemporary adds that this steamer, having completed its mission at Berwick, has gone to Newcastle on a similar errand."

Magazines are ordered to be constructed on the Gosport lines, as also on the Hilsa lines, and a strong gateway is forming on the latter, on one of the old sites. Some earthworks will be speedily thrown up at Gomer-pond, Brown-down, preparatory to the erection of a permanent fort. The martello towers on the Sussex coast are to receive an armament forthwith.—*Portsmouth Times and Naval Gazette*.

By a letter received from an officer who visited her Majesty's ship *Plover*, in Behring's Straits, on the Arctic search for Sir John Franklin, we learn that a survey was held on board that ship by Captain Frederick of the *Amphitrite*, and other officers, when many thousands of pounds weight of the preserved meats, in Goldner's canisters, were condemned as unfit for human food, and were thrown into the sea. We challenge official contradiction of this.—*Plymouth Mail*.

The notorious Mr. Christopher addressed some of his constituents at Lincoln, yesterday, explaining his position and recounting the defeat of the Derby Ministry—by concert, he would not say conspiracy. Mr. Christopher's position is not a whit different from what it was; and he has not yet learned to call things by their right names.

A public meeting is announced for Monday evening next in the new vestry-room, King's-road, St. Pancras, to consider the motion of which Mr. T. S. Duncombe has given notice in the House of Commons, on the subject of the prolonged hostile occupation of the Roman States by France and Austria. Professor Newman will take the chair. Several influential friends of Italy will be present, and the members for the borough are invited to attend. This is an excellent beginning of a movement that ought to extend throughout the United Kingdom.

A public meeting was held in the Hall of Science, City-road, on Monday evening, January 31st, to explain the objects of the Economic Freehold Land Association. Mr. John Cramp in the chair. The following resolution, moved by Mr. Henry Nicholls, and supported by Messrs. J. Rigby and I. Ivory, was carried unanimously:—"That in the opinion of this meeting Freehold Land Societies offer great advantages for the social and political elevation of the middle and industrial classes; that the Economic Freehold Land Association stands pre-eminently forward in this respect, being removed from those evil tendencies attending meetings held at public houses, and this meeting pledges itself therefore to forward the objects of this association."

At the Marylebone vestry meeting, held on Saturday, in a discussion which arose upon the state of the churchyard at St. John's Wood, Mr. Noades, undertaker, said that on Sundays bodies were brought into the church for funeral service in such a state that it rendered it exceedingly dangerous for persons to attend service there in the evening. Sir P. Laurie:—That is an alarming statement. How many bodies are buried in St. John's Wood Churchyard on Sundays? Mr. Noades:—From fourteen to twenty-two. My men, after placing bodies in the church, have often to hurry home and change their clothes, through the frightful state of these bodies.—Sir Peter Laurie:—Instant measures should be adopted to prevent the public attending service, then, on the evenings of Sunday, otherwise the most fatal results may be anticipated. [Surely the facts can be easily tested.]

The case of Lumley *versus* Gye, known as the Wagner case, came on for argument yesterday, and will be continued to-day.

George Stone, the Bristol poet, has been robbed of his hard-earned savings, amounting to 35*l*. He had refused to put the money in the bank, being fearful it would break. —*Gloucester Journal*.

The new Grinnell Arctic expedition, which is shortly to proceed in search of Sir John Franklin, is to be commanded by Dr. Kane, an officer eminently qualified for the task.

We have before us an official account of a railway accident which happened on Tuesday:—"An accident occurred on the South Eastern Railway yesterday. The 12.30 p.m. train for Ramsgate left London at its proper time, but when within two miles of the Penhurst station the whole of the train, except the engine, ran off the rails. Twelve passengers received cuts and bruises, but, fortunately, none of a serious nature. By means of the electric telegraph assistance was quickly procured, and the passengers, with the exception of one who was conveyed to Tunbridge, were transferred to other carriages, and the train proceeded to Ramsgate. A careful examination of the rails has been made, but no defect could be discovered; the cause of the carriages getting off the line, therefore, yet remains to be ascertained." It is carefully done, is it not? How comforting to the "Twelve," to have an official record of their "cuts and bruises!"

Two trains met at a ballast hole on the Midland railway on Tuesday. One was a ballast train, the other a luggage train. Instead of passing each other civilly, they, as is but too often the custom on railways, as it used to be in the streets before gas and police were invented, ran into each other. The ballast engine had only got on to the main line when the luggage train came up, and was turned over by the ballast engine. The goods vans were smashed to pieces, and the property strewn over the line. No bones were broken or life lost.

Variety in the way of fire is not of common occurrence; a ship on fire in dock for instance. But on Monday flames burst from the *Broderick*, lying in the Regent's Canal basin, Limehouse. An attempt to scuttle her was made too late; and the fire was not extinguished without the aid of the powerful London brigades working for many hours. A policeman fell into the water; the firemen saved him; but another man fell in and was drowned.

Wilton Abbey, the residence of Mr. Sidney Herbert, was found to be on fire on Sunday morning. Assistance came quickly from the labourers on the spot, and from the town of Salisbury near at hand. It was soon extinguished, and little damage was done.

Herrings, of an unusual size, have just been imported from Norway. This is a novelty.

The postman who delivers the Queen's letters at Osborne House is called the Royal postman. He walks twice daily between Cowes, Osborne, and Whippingham, covering fifteen miles of ground. His wages are 14*s*. per week, out of which he has to pay 7*d*. per week for ferryage, in crossing the Medina river.

We find the following in the *Hampshire Independent* of Saturday:—"General Rosas, the ex-Dictator of Buenos Ayres, has presented Mr. F. W. Nives, hair-dresser, of Bernard-street, who has professionally attended upon the General since his residence in Southampton, with a silver shaving-basin, or perfumed water-dish, on which is neatly engraved the following inscription:—"Presented by his Excellency General de Rosas to F. W. Nives, as a testimony of regard. Southampton, 25th of December, 1852." Accompanying it was a letter written by the General, in Spanish, of which the following is a translation:—"Southampton, Dec. 25, 1852. Dear sir,—Be pleased to accept of this shaving-basin; its chief value or merit consists in its having accompanied me in all my campaigns. It was manufactured at Buenos Ayres. It is more for use than grandeur, and may serve you as a remembrance of your visits to me, and be convenient in your duties.—Accept of the sincere affection of your faithful servant, Juan Manuel de Rosas."

In the window of a goldsmith's shop in Bernard-street, Southampton, there is exhibited a water-bottle made from the clay found at the Australian gold diggings. The clay is of a much darker colour than that from which water pitchers are made in this country. The bottle is shapely, but it is neither glazed nor ornamented. On a close inspection several minute specks of gold are observable on the surface of the bottle.

The Quarterly Return of the Registrar General has been published, and comprises the births and deaths registered by 2100 registrars in all the districts of England during the autumn quarter ending December 31st, 1852; and the marriages in more than 12,000 churches or chapels, about 3342 registered places of worship unconnected with the Established Church, and 624 Superintendent Registrar's offices, in the quarter that ended September 30th, 1852.

The registration of the year 1852 is completed, for the births and deaths, by the present return. The births were 616,251 in 1851, and 624,171 in 1852. The deaths were 305,933 in 1851, and 407,938 in 1852. The average annual rate of birth is 3.282 per cent., or nearly 1 in 30. In 1852 it rose to 3.472 per cent., or 1 in 29. The average annual rate of death is 2.243 per cent., (rather less than 1 in 45); in 1852 it was 2.269, or slightly above the average (1 in 44 nearly).

76,582 persons were married in the quarter ending September 1852, giving a considerable excess on the numbers (74,310) married in the corresponding quarter of the previous year. The number of marriages was 38,201, while in the summer quarters of 1840-3 the number of marriages never exceeded 29,397, and in 1842 fell so low as 27,246; in the summer of 1844 there was a sudden increase, and in the summer of 1845 the marriages were 36,003; in 1847-8 the numbers fell back to 32,439, and rose slowly until the summer of 1849; in each of the three succeeding

summers (1850-2) the marriages have not been less than 37,165 in number. Nothing probably indicates more accurately than these figures the condition of the people, or the view which they took of their prospects in life during the last eleven summers.

152,066 births were registered in the last quarter of the year, whereas the numbers in the quarter ending December 1851, were 149,155. The births registered in London, in the West Midland counties, and in Yorkshire, increased; in the other divisions the numbers scarcely exceeded those in the previous year.

As the births in the quarter were 152,066, the deaths 90,940, the natural increase was 62,126. The number of emigrants who sailed in the quarter from London was 12,322, Plymouth, 1876, Liverpool, 41,817; from the three English ports, 55,316. The total numbers who sailed from the ports of the United Kingdom at which there are Government emigration agents amounted to 57,913. Many who sailed from other ports are not in the return, and it is well known that a large proportion of the emigrants who sail from Liverpool are by birth Irish. At present it is probable, taking all circumstances into account, that the emigration from England is not equal to its natural increase.

The number of emigrants who sailed during the year 1852 from the ports of the United Kingdom at which there are emigration agents, amounted to 350,047, or certainly not less, taking the year through, and other ports into account, than 1000 a day.

90,940 deaths were registered during the last quarter of the year 1852. In the corresponding quarter of 1851 the deaths were 99,248. The annual rate of mortality in the last quarter is at the rate of 2.197 per cent., which is higher than the average rate, or than the mortality in the corresponding quarters of 1842-45, in 1848, in 1850-51, but much lower than 2.545 and 2.389, the rates of mortality in 1846-47.

On dividing the country into two large divisions, the first of 117 districts, comprising the chief towns, and a population of 7,795,882, the second of 506 districts, having a population of 10,126,886, it is found that the mortality in the town districts was, during the quarter, at the rate of 2.514 per cent. per annum, which is below the average (2.570), while the mortality in the country districts was at the rate of 1.982 per cent. per annum, or somewhat above the average of the corresponding quarter (1.941.)

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

A THOUSAND and eleven deaths were registered in London in the week that ended last Saturday. This return exhibits a very inconsiderable increase on the previous three weeks. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1843-52 the average number was 1068, which, if raised in proportion to increase of population, would give a mortality for the present time of 1175. The deaths of last week are therefore less than the estimated amount by 164. During the month of January the mortality has been low for the season, 965 deaths having been registered in the first week, and in the subsequent weeks the numbers not having attained, or having scarcely exceeded 1000.

Last week the births of 902 boys and 810 girls, in all 1712 children, were registered in London. In the eight corresponding weeks of the years 1845-52 the average number was 1440.

At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the mean height of the barometer in the week was 29.750 in.; the mean daily reading on Monday was 30.022 in. The mean temperature of the week was 37.7 deg., which is about the average of the same week in thirty-eight years. The mean daily temperature was on Sunday 38.6 deg., after which it steadily declined till Thursday, when it was 36 deg., or 1.3 deg. below the average. It rose on the two following days to 39.2 deg. and 38.4 deg. The wind blew generally from the north-east. The mean dew point temperature was 31.8 deg.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Bombay, on the 29th of December last, the wife of Lieutenant T. C. Alban, Eighth Regiment N.I., a daughter.

On the 19th ult., at Turin, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Erskine: a daughter.

On the 23rd ult., at Milton-house, near Portsmouth, the wife of the Rev. E. S. Phelps: twin daughters.

On the 25th ult., at Pendennis Castle, Falmouth, the wife of F. G. Whitehead, Esq., of the Seventh Royal Fusiliers: a daughter.

On the 26th ult., at Clapham-common, the wife of Henry Ravenhill, Esq.: a son.

On the 27th ult., at Stoke Damerel, Devonport, the wife of J. P. Palmes, Lieutenant H.M. steam guardship *Hogue*: a son.

On the 27th ult., at Carlton-gardens, the Hon. Mrs. James Stuart Wortley: a son.

On the 27th ult., at West-hall, Mortlake, Mrs. Alexander Beawell Bremner: a daughter.

On the 27th ult., at her father's residence, 62, Regency-square, Brighton, the wife of Horatio Kemble, Esq.: a daughter.

On the 29th ult., at 36, Brook-street, the Marchioness of Blandford: a daughter.

On the 31st ult., at Queen's-road, Dalston, the wife of J. Dalton Jones, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.: a son.

On the 2nd February, at 24, Wilton Crescent, the wife of Major Farnaby Cator, of the West Kent Militia: twin daughters.

MARRIAGES.

On the 25th ult., at St. Pancras Church, Mr. J. C. Webster, of Hammersmith-terrace, Hammersmith, to Sophia Law, eldest daughter of Thomas Young McChristie, Esq., 37, Great James-street, Bedford-row.

On the 25th ult., at Hauxwell, the Rev. Frederick William Mann, second son of Lieutenant-Colonel Mann, late Royal Staff Corps, of De Beauvoir, Guernsey, to Eleanor Mary, second daughter of the Rev. Mark James Pattison, rector of Huxwell.

On the 26th ult., by special license, at St. Thomas's Church, Douglas, Isle of Man, Captain W. H. Stone, of the Forty-fourth Regiment, M.N.I., to Lucy Bond, third daughter of the late Captain Arcott, R.N., of Chudleigh, Devon.

On the 27th ult., at the Friends' Meeting-house, Darlington, David Dale, second son of the late David Dale, Esq., Bengal Civil Service, to Ann B. Whitwell, of West-lodge, near Darlington.

On the 27th ult., at Benson, Oxon, W. C. Corsellis, Esq., to Mary Stevens, youngest sister of the late Thomas Powell, Esq., of the same place.

On the 27th ult., at St. Paul's, Halifax, Henry, second son of William Eccles, Esq., M.P., Spring Mount, Blackburn, to Mary Jane, eldest daughter of George Whiteley, Esq., Mayfield-house, Halifax.

On the 27th ult., at St. George's, Hanover-square, Charles Henry Hotchkiss, Esq., of Clevedon-house, Devon, to Gertrude Elizabeth, widow of Thomas Gresham, Esq., late of Cheltenham, and of Barnby Dun, in the county of York.

On the 27th ult., at St. Anne's Church, Lewes, Joseph Ewart, Esq., of Manchester, to Cordelia, youngest daughter of George Molineux, Esq., of Lewes.

On the 27th ult., at the parish church of Stoke Damerel, Devonport, Alexander Meadows Rendal, Esq., C.E., eldest son of James Meadows Rendal, Esq., C.E., to Eliza, eldest daughter of the late Captain William Holman, R.N., first Governor of New Zealand.

On the 30th ult., at St. George's, Hanover-square, D'Monte, third son of the late George Arbuthnot, Esq., of Elderslie, Surrey, to Esther Jane, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Sir William Murray, Bart., of Hillhead and Claremont, N.B.

On the 1st of February, at St. Martin's-in-the-fields, the Rev. J. Denman, M.A., incumbent of Knottingley, Yorkshire, to Anne, daughter of Charles Woodcock, Esq., of Coventry.

On the 1st, at Mansfield, in the county of Nottingham, John Nicholson, Esq., Lieutenant in her Majesty's Seventy-Seventh Regiment of Foot (second son of the late John Nicholson, Esq., of Brigg, Lincolnshire), to Hannah Catherine, daughter of Charles Lindley, Esq., of Westfield-house, Mansfield.

On the 2nd, at Lyndhurst Church, the Rev. Paulet Midmay Compton, rector of Mapperton, Dorsetshire, son of Henry Combe Compton, Esq., M.P. for South Hants, to Mary Catherine Powell, youngest daughter of the late Henry Weyland Powell, Esq., of Foxlease-park, Hants.

DEATHS.

On the 7th of September last, at sea, on board the ship *Chance*, from Liverpool to Port Philip, Arabella Ann, aged four years; on the 8th of September, Robert Burns, aged one year and a half; and on the 19th of September, Arthur Vincent, aged three years, the only children of Berkeley W. Hutchinson, Esq., surgeon, Government medical officer of the *Chance*, and great grandchildren of Robert Burns.

On the 23rd of September last, at the First Convent of the Visitation, Paris, Helen; and, on the 25th ult., at the Convent, York, Anna-Mary, daughters of W. A. Maclestin, M.A., late Dean of Moray and Ross.

On the 13th of December last, after five days' illness, of yellow fever, on board the *Great Western* steamer, off Carthagena, South America, Lieutenant William Durham Lyster, R.N., Admiralty agent, in the forty-third year of his age.

On the 16th ult., at Coblenz, Maria Francisca, sister of the late Dr. E. N. Hanroft, Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals to the Forces in the Island of Jamaica.

On the 16th ult., at sea, on board the *Great Western* R. W. L. M. steam-ship, of yellow fever, Mr. George Hamar Andriew, midshipman, late of Ensworth, Hants. He was highly esteemed, and his early death is much deplored by a numerous circle of relatives and friends.

On the 18th ult., at St. Benedict's Priory, Staffordshire, Frances Barbara Tempest, sister of Sir Charles R. Tempest, Bart., of Broughton-hall, Yorkshire.

On the 23rd ult., at Desvres, near Boulogne-sur-Mer, Captain Warren Hastings White, late of the Thirty-eighth Regiment, and formerly of the Eighth Hussars, third son of the late General White, of Bengal.

On the 26th ult., at Kiplin, Yorkshire, John Devalar, Earl of Tyrconnel, G.C.H., in his sixty-third year.

On the 29th ult., at the Palace, Norwich, aged seventy-six, Mrs. Howell, mother of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Norwich.

On the 27th ult., at Scherabee, near Lunenburg, in the kingdom of Hanover, John Frederic Hagenau, Esq., Deputy Commissary-General in the British Service. Born at Hamburg, July 21, 1780, after seventeen years of unintermitted service, and having performed important public duties in Egypt, the Ionian Islands, Sicily, Spain, and Canada, from 1800 to 1816, in both branches of the Commissariat, he passed the remainder of his honourable life in rural and hospitable retirement, and in the possession of the respect and esteem of his relations and friends.

On the 28th ult., in London, after three days' illness, Amy Josephine, fourth daughter of Sir Norton and Lady Knatchbull, aged six years and five months.

On the 29th ult., at 24, Harrington-street, Regent's-park, Lieutenant-Colonel William Somerset Forbes, formerly of the Eighty-ninth Regiment, in his seventy-ninth year, much and deservedly respected.

Early, on the morning of the 30th ult., suddenly, at his residence, 26, Great Prescot-street, Goodman's-fields, Solomon Abraham, Esq., of the Stock-Exchange, aged eighty-four.

On the 31st ult., Captain Frederic James Ibbetson, late of the Second Dragoon Guards, and second son of the late Sir Charles Ibbetson, Bart.

MODERN AMAZONS.—We live in an age when too many women appear to be ambitious of morally unsexing themselves before society, by aping the language and the manners of men—especially in reference to that miserable modern dandyism of demeanour, which aims at repressing all betrayal of warmth of feeling; which abstains from displaying any enthusiasm on any subject whatever; which, in short, labours to make the fashionable imperturbability of the face, the faithful reflection of the fashionable imperturbability of the mind. Women of this exclusively modern order like to use slang expressions in their conversation; assume a bastard-masculine abruptness in their manners, a bastard-masculine licence in their opinions; affect to ridicule those outward developments of feeling which pass under the general appellation of "sentiment." Nothing impresses, agitates, amuses, or delights them in a hearty, natural, womanly way. Sympathy looks ironical, if they ever show it: love seems to be an affair of calculation, or mockery, or contemptuous sunderance, if they ever feel it. This sort of thing is considered to be a spirited rivalry for social pre-eminence and liberty with men, a glorious abnegation of the old-fashioned conventionalities of nature; a triumphant denial (whatsoever the physical differences may be) of any moral or intellectual difference between the sexes!—*COLLINS'S Basil*.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

It is impossible to acknowledge the mass of letters we receive. Their insertion is often delayed, owing to a press of matter; and when omitted, it is frequently from reasons quite independent of the merits of the communication. No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. What ever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of his good faith. We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. All letters for the Editor should be addressed to 10, Wellington-street, Strand, London.

The Leader

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1853.

Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress.—**DR. ANSOLD.**

A WARNING TO MINISTERS.

AMIDST the unusual quiet of the recess which has preceded the assembling of Parliament, and the general absence of anything like a demonstrative popular feeling either for or against Ministers, we have heard certain small whispers, and read certain striking hints, that among the most prominent topics will be the completion of our national defence by a large increase of the standing army. A contemporary has even named the number of the regiments to be raised. At the same time, we have had propositions for establishing sea fencibles favourably noticed and advocated; and a certain unquestionable activity has pervaded our coast garrisons. The *Times* one morning grimly hinted that the exertions of the Peace party to diminish the national safety would soon be set at rest, by resolute measures on the part of the authorities. Mr. Cobden, at Manchester, menacingly paraded his determination to resist any Government proposition to increase our armaments. All this looks vastly like a belief that Ministers intend to propose a decisive measure. But that this measure will be a vote for increasing, to any appreciable extent, the standing army, we cannot believe. It is incredible; for it would be a gross political blunder which no Government, in the present state of the public mind, could hope to survive. It is incredible; for Lord Palmerston is more favourable to a militia than to an addition to our standing army; and neither Lord Hardinge, nor Sir Charles Napier, nor Sir Harry Smith, are indisposed to a purely defensive national militia. There are men in the Cabinet sufficiently bureaucratic to approve of mercenary forces; there is the great Peace party itself flagrantly committed to support a huge standing army, if its defenders be needed; there are the economists, not altogether peace men, who also affection hirelings for economical reasons; there is all this feeling to encourage any Ministry in such unconstitutional innovations. But, until we see the proposition entered on the notice paper of either House, we repeat, we refuse to believe that Lord Aberdeen will commit so gross a blunder as the raising of twenty, or ten, or even five additional regiments of the line, for national defence.

For we do not want troops to carry on an aggressive war, nor for the use of our allies, unless, perhaps, Belgium should need a helping hand. We want troops, soldiers of some efficient kind made out of the people themselves, and *remaining of the people*, for strictly defensive purposes. The inconsequent clamour of the commercial and manufacturing classes for a large standing army is one of the ugliest signs of incipient degeneracy; and on the strength of this cry alone could Lord Aberdeen venture on the course ascribed to him. It is true there are gathering storms everywhere, and accumulations of gigantic forces, numerical and substantial in every way, such as the world has seldom witnessed; and it will not do for England, who has to hold so much, to be unprepared with her contingent. If there is to be a war-feast or a love-feast of nations, we must be there. Strife cannot break out anywhere without touching British interests; and our commerce damaged, who would be the first to shriek for protection from the guns of the Fleet or the bayonets of the Line? The Peace party. They

would go to war about a tariff, or to convert new customers to belief in cotton, to-morrow. Nevertheless, all we ask for now is an adequate Home force for defence—sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. At this moment it is England that requires sentries; not Malta or the West Indies.

In other respects, Ministers are favoured. There is no vehement criticism on them personally, no violent expectations roused politically. They have, what is so often demanded, "a free stage, and no favour"—the most advantageous, and, at the same time, responsible position for any party. They have, besides, an unequalled opportunity of doing the state some service, and of quietly carrying those parliamentary, educational, and fiscal reforms which are, or ought to be, so well matured. We are prosperous now; it is for them to provide against the chances of distress. The people are quiet, not discontented, freed from the pest of demagogues; it is for the Ministry to remedy the grievances the people have not forgotten, and have force enough to make felt at the right time. Day by day the nation is getting stronger and classes are waning in influence. Let Ministers take their cue from that fact, and give us national legislation. It is but once in half a century that such an opportunity as the present occurs in the life of a people—so much to do, such men to do it, so unanimous a contentment, and so tranquil an expectation. It would be a disgraceful blunder, then, if, misled by commercial cries, Lord Aberdeen should deeply wound the noblest feelings of the nation, and utterly mar his opportunity, by proposing a large addition to the standing army.

MR. COBDEN AND THE PEACE MOVEMENT.

"No movement," say some, "no theory or scheme is worth more than the mind of the best man among those who propound it or hold by it. The measure of the intellect of the best man connected with a movement is the measure of the value of the movement itself. The height of a crowd is the height of the tallest man in it; and no mere addition of numbers to a party can raise the intrinsic importance of what the party aspires to above the point already marked on what may be called its highest vertical column." Others, however, deny this. "The addition of numbers," they say, "increases not only the chances of a movement, but also its theoretical claims—and that in a higher than the mere arithmetical ratio." When a prophet makes one proselyte, his creed or crotchet has not merely doubled the amount of its support; it has actually itself become a new thing, and acquired a higher potency. In becoming common to two minds, it has passed that stage at which you can measure its full value by separately appreciating either. And so, more visibly and undeniably, when the creed extends farther still and becomes the diffusive property of large masses of people. A body of men is something higher than a mere arithmetical aggregate of so many individuals; its opinions and wishes acquire a new significance, and a right beyond that which, in the scale of intellect, would be assigned to individual expositions of them. Providence works by masses and majorities; and an aggregate of fools may be the organ and advanced army of a thought to which Providence attaches greater importance than to the firmest conclusion of one wise man."

One cannot help being bothered with such thoughts, when one looks at the Peace movement. When we speak of the Peace movement, however, we mean the real Peace people, the Manchester men, Messrs. Cobden and Bright, and the men whom their own hearts acknowledge as followers. Such is the fallaciousness of words, such the cowardliness of men in trying to come as near as they can to what is getting momentary applause, and such the laxity of party-leaders in admitting all and sundry who choose to come under their banner on great gathering days, that hundreds put on the Peace cockade for a week or two who are not Peace people at all. What on earth has Emile de Girardin to do with a peace movement, in the Manchester sense of the thing? What on earth have many of those to do with it who attended the late Peace Congress, and let their names be used in association with it? Of course I desire peace, but, &c. &c. Such is the kind of phraseology with which we all think it necessary to prelude our arguments with Peace people who are more peace-pugnacious than ourselves. We are poor cowards for our pains. What is the

use of that preliminary? Let us give it up. Everybody desires peace, except when he thinks it necessary there should be war; and the whole question is as to *when* one thinks there is such a necessity. One result of this shilly-shallying is that hundreds of the "of course I desire peace—but" kind of people get mixed up and confused with the real Simon Pures; and when the Simon Pures are making a show of numbers, they do not object to this. But here we deal with the real peace people—the people who never add the *but*; who never saw, never see, and never will see the necessity for war; who laugh at all war-alarm, despise all war-adventures, call soldiers "butchers," war "humbug," and see in past history nothing but a file of lists of the "killed and wounded." Now, of such people we have no hesitation in saying that they are, as a mass, most poor and miserable creatures intellectually. They are almost all second-rate men of the last generation; the ablest men of that generation, and all the men of the present, are against them. Your Charles Sumners, your Elihu Burritts, and the like, are respectable men enough, but, by no test, will you make them out very magnificent personages intellectually. According to a not very high standard, they write ill, speak ill, and think superficially; they have no depth, no philosophy, no generality; what they write about the past with their "butcheries" and lists of "killed and wounded," is, however, popular, poor stuff. And yet these men are about the best of the Peace-people. One of the best of them all (not professedly a Quaker)—the tallest man in the crowd—is undoubtedly Mr. Cobden. Now, Mr. Cobden is a superior man. Tried by even a high test, Mr. Cobden is a man of strength and mark; sound, strong, hard-headed, honest,—he is a man deservedly conspicuous even among the able men of our day. The pamphlet which he has just published is calculated (historical inaccuracies apart) even to raise his reputation. It is, as a literary production, well-written, close, compact, and substantial; about as good, we should say, as a large proportion of the leading articles in the *Times*,—and that is no mean praise. There are also touches in it, here and there, which show a higher intellectual point of view, even on the Peace-question, than is occupied by the Sumners and Burritts, with their "soldiers nothing but butchers," their "war nothing but humbug," and their "history nothing but lists of killed and wounded." For his position as a chief of the Peace-movement, Mr. Cobden, we should say, is a man of as much intellectual generality as could be expected. We can conceive only one Peace-advocate of a higher species, and that would be a Quaker standing on the principle of his creed,—the "Yea and Nay" principle,—not mincing away that principle, and hedging it in with exceptions, but affirming it universally, making it prevail in all cases, and pouring it like oil on the social chaos. There might be a man of this stamp, who should be an intellectual giant. As it is, however, Mr. Cobden is perhaps the best man, intellectually, connected with the Peace-movement.

Yet there are, undoubtedly, greater and wiser men among us than Mr. Cobden, and these, too, not only not members of the Peace movement, but severe critics of it, and, so far as immediate activity is concerned, rather disposed to join a war movement. It is, we repeat, a fact indisputable, that the abler men of the last generation, and *all* the men of the newest generation, all the young men, stand intellectually out of the Peace movement. The question, then, is—On what principle are we to test the value of this movement—its historical chances and likelihoods—whether on the "tallest man in the crowd" principle, or on the principle that qualification in social matters may make up for inferiority of quality? In the one case, the Peace movement will seem but a temporary product of elderly men who are drifting to their graves, and who will take it to their coffins with them; in the other, it will seem a real historical augury, a hint of what is to be, a proposal all the more worthy of philosophic attention, that it comes not from the mouth of any solitary sage, but from the mouths of what might at first appear a large drove of animals of the kind that were inspired to teach Balaam.

For our part, we are eclectics in such cases. We believe both in the "tallest man in the crowd" principle, and also in the principle of the increase of the respectability of a belief by the mere quantification of the believing substance,

believe, therefore, that even Mr. Cobden like a great deal of rubbish in the matter of peace, and that it is not from him that we should expect a true and deep appreciation of the present state, or of the past history, of Europe. He is one of the tallest men in the Peace crowd; but there are taller men out of that crowd. The pamphlet on the state of Europe, and especially on the relations of this country to France during the last sixty years, is an able pamphlet; but an abler pamphlet might be written which should tear it to pieces. Even the opening part of the pamphlet, which is by far the best, and which is intended as a historical demonstration of the fact that England was the aggressor in the last war with France, and that her aggression was foolish and wrong, is susceptible, as the *Times* has proved, of revision in a higher and more searching spirit. And as to the latter part, where Mr. Cobden assumes a loftier office, and becomes an interpreter of the signs of the age, first sweeping through the social mind of England, and finding only a silly bugbear of war there, put into it by dotards and redcoats; then ranging the social mind of France, and finding no desire of war there, but only politeness and the highest civilization; and, lastly, peeping into that cavernous hole which no human being ever pretended to see to the bottom of before, the mind of Louis Napoleon, and assuring the world that there, too, there is nothing like war, but only stones and mud; why, as to all this, what can one say but that Mr. Cobden's philosophy is the philosophy of Mr. Cobden. In short, as an exposition of the place and duty of England in Europe at the present time, Mr. Cobden's pamphlet is, in its latter part, a shocking example of the intellectual arrogance of a man of limited views. One reads it with astonishment, and so far from being convinced, looks up only to see the whole atmosphere more full of war than before, and the danger increased by such blind fanaticism for peace. And so with that incarnation of Mr. Cobden's pamphlet, the Peace congress, so long as it confined itself to desires and the diffusion of sentiment, it was good; when it entered on that highest and most difficult business of all, the calculation of the chances of a social probability, it was but as a congress of schoolboys not performing a sum which had been set them, but attempting to decide the sum by votes. And yet, as we have said above, we see good in Mr. Cobden and the whole Peace movement. As present advisers, the Peace advocates, in the sense in which we use the name, are foolish, arrogant, and dangerous; the coming years of Europe will consume them and their crotchets as fire consumes dry grass; and Mr. Cobden himself will yet see appalling proofs that civilization and war are not such incompatible things as he thinks them, and that society may wear red boots in the morning and white kid gloves in the evening, as readily in London as in Paris or at Pesth. But in appreciating fully the value of the Peace movement, we can dismiss the "tallest man" principle, and call in the "quantification" principle; and then *Ca ira*. What a number of men, even if individually they are second-rate, have taken into their heads, will go on and end in something. And, equally with sentiment, profound social science—science profounder than Mr. Cobden's—points to peace as a goal and consummation. To the age of military activity and feudalism is to succeed the age of industrial activity and equality—we all know that. There may be ups and downs and jolts in our progress; but thither we go, in spite of those who will lose their commissions when the peace comes. And perhaps, as Cromwell said, God has "kindled a seed" among us in this Peace movement. If so, though it be a cotton-seed, it will come to something. Only, before then the movement will have to make out a better case for itself, not only on the "quantification" principle, but also on the "tallest man" principle. We should hail the appearance of that ideal Quaker we have described, who should universalize the maxim of "yea and nay." In his hands the Peace movement would become another thing as a spiritual prediction and agitation, while it would be less felt as a political impediment and impotence.

THE MORAL OF THE ACHILLI CASE.

WHATEVER may be thought by the public at large of the aggregate results of the late proceedings in the case of Achilli v. Newman, it is perfectly clear that that part of the community

which reflects must, by this time, be rather out of conceit with Lord Campbell's much vaunted law of libel, as well as utterly astounded at the indifference with which the final sentence in this particular case has been received.

That the original verdict was against the weight of evidence, no sane man ever doubted; that Dr. Newman was perfectly justified in what he said, the very penalty inflicted upon him admits. The law only, in its ultimate perfection, at that point of unsurpassable excellence to which, according to its author, it has now arrived, pronounces him guilty, and, to the bewilderment of ordinary intellects, requires the judges to inflict a punishment, which they, in conscience, made so trifling that its mention caused the crowds in court to laugh, for an offence which, if committed, deserved the severest sentence and the strongest reprobation. But the plea of justification, we are told, is one and entire; it raises only one issue, and unless the whole of it be proved, that issue must be found for the plaintiff: so that, in this case, supposing Dr. Newman to have established, to the satisfaction of the Protestant Palladium of British liberties, the truth of twenty-two of his twenty-three charges against the virtuous and respectable "Christian unattached," who now has a verdict, and supposing that twenty-third charge to have been the least important of them all, still the *whole* would not have been proved; and therefore, though his sentence might have been lenient, his condemnation would have been inevitable! As it is, even, the judges based their refusal of a new trial, not upon the ground that the verdict was not, in the main, against the weight of evidence; they admitted in terms, they confessed in their sentence, that they were not satisfied with the verdict; but, they said—we use the Chief Justice's own words in this legal exposition—"Even if we should be of opinion that, with respect to any one, or to all of these charges, the evidence greatly preponderated against the prosecutor, we conceive that we could not with propriety [i.e. according to the existing law] set the verdict aside and grant a new trial." They took refuge for themselves, and endeavoured to hide this strange anomaly in the law, under the shadow of an argument that there were matters in Dr. Newman's attack which, confessedly, he was not, at the trial, in a position to prove; and that, consequently, though they might agree with him, and his counsel, and the world, as to the worthlessness of that evidence for the prosecution which, because it supported their prejudices, the jury had received: yet they, and the jury, and his counsel, and the world, must also be permitted to agree with him that there were some of his facts which he could not legally prove, and which therefore he could on no principle legally justify. Achilli had been so ingenious, his lawyers had been so clever, that a mass of evidence supporting Dr. Newman's justification was got rid of; some by the simple process of delay, till such time as the objectionable witness had left England; some by the judicious use of those technicalities to the restraint of which judges and juries so smilingly assent, when it happens that the testimony thus legally excluded leads to a moral conviction at which they had much rather not arrive, and when, admitting the competency of the evidence, they cannot without utterly stultifying themselves, deny its sufficiency. Dr. Newman, it appears, therefore, because this evidence doubtless, if existing, could not be got at, was not justified in the unproved part of his libel, though when he wrote it he believed it—though when he wrote it he had sufficient grounds for believing it; not even if, when he wrote it, it was true. He was to know that evidence satisfactory to his mind—and though it may be a libel, we must say, to other people's—was open to technical objection; and he was to be ready at any time to bring, from any country, original documents which had been burnt, women who were pregnant, and all sorts of other impossible testimony, the existence of which, as it was, he could prove, and for the absence of which he could and did most satisfactorily account. Dr. Achilli, on the other hand, was simply to read his *Times* every morning of the trial, to keep his short-hand writers each day diligently at work, and after a sufficient consumption of midnight oil over the charges proved against him, to deny them in detail one after the other; to thank God that he was not as other priests are, and to return, an escaped, but

not unwilling martyr, to the happy wife whom he married in spite of his vows, and to the new and exceptional, but unexceptionable, servant-maids, who have as yet made him the subject of no accusation. This is Lord Campbell's law of libel. By it Dr. Newman appears as a criminal; Achilli as a saint. Could not the noisy law-reformers and barristers out of work, who at present seem to have no object beyond appointments and notoriety, turn their minds to such questions as these? Not a word more should be said of their motives, if only they would be either practical or useful in their operations.

With regard to the mode in which this case has been conducted, from the time when Lord Campbell first thought fit to talk clap-trap about the Inquisition, and comicality about the whereabouts of a Catholic bishop's See, to the time when Mr. Justice Coleridge, pausing, like his brother judge, for applause, recited his quasi-Protestantism from the bench, and delayed pronouncing the sentence to tell us—what if true was not important, and what if important would not have been relevant—that he meant to die in the Church of England, we can only echo the universal expression of disgust uttered from all quarters, and, we may say, from all countries, whither the fame, or rather the infamy, of this trial has made its way. There was some excuse—at least, some way of accounting—for Sir Frederick Thesiger's acrimony. A disappointed man, who would at this time have been Attorney-General of the Fusion, but for the stinging clause which his—as he then thought it—expedient zeal, added to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, might, with some grounds, if not with any show of reason, attack bitterly, personally, and all but unprofessionally, the first Catholic who came in his way. He could not be justified, but he might ultimately be pardoned, for talking of Dr. Newman's writing as "coarse," and "low," and "vulgar ribaldry," and of Dr. Newman's temper in writing, as one of "vindictiveness." We should have lamented over the bad taste, and deplored the bad animus which could have made any advocate, under the circumstances, contend in aggravation of the punishment of a man infinitely his intellectual superior, and when his client's reputation was no longer affected, "that nothing could be more scandalous than this libel, and that no one could read it without being satisfied that it was the production of the most rancorous feelings." But our regret and surprise at the use of such language at such a time is lost and hidden in the still greater wonder which we feel when we come to read the sentence itself. The barrister had only been betrayed into improprieties, but the judge put himself studiously and affectedly in the wrong. Wanting to be talked about and to be popular, and knowing that the "whole available comic talent" of the Bench had been exhausted by Lord Campbell, he attempted the solemnities, and preached—he preached—at Dr. Newman, and—at the reporters. He described Dr. Newman as an executioner brandishing with joy and triumph the instrument of punishment, and, without the smallest reason, of the invisible Church to which Achilli now belongs, as the Church (that of England) of which Dr. Newman was formerly a member. He told us, after expressions of "infinite shame and disgust" at the "manner" of this libel, what his own religious views always had been, at present were, and hereafter always would be; and it was not till the crowds were getting tired of sitting under this irrelevant and inappropriate discourse, that he condescended to come to the point, and to tell Dr. Newman, amid general laughter, the amount of sentence meted out to his crime—that crime being, we must remember, malignantly libelling an innocent man, and subsequently suborning twenty-two witnesses to perjure themselves in support of the libel—"The sentence of the Court upon you is, that you pay a fine of one hundred pounds to the Queen, and that you be imprisoned in the first-class of misdemeanants in the Queen's Prison until that fine be paid."

Mr. Justice Coleridge will gain no glory by this stage effort, with its fatal anti-climax; Sir F. Thesiger will wish his share in the proceedings forgotten; Lord Campbell will see henceforth, by his colleague's experience, that judicial sermons succeed even better than judicial jokes in eliciting laughter; and the law of libel, seen through by laymen, and discovered out of doors to be unjust, will, as the result of this trial, be brought into

some sort of relation to justice, after much opposition from lawyers and much sneering from professed law-reformers.

THE "NATION" ON THE "LEADER."

THE *Nation* has paid us the high compliment of alone excepting the *Leader* in its contemptuous reference to "the dishonest and partisan comments of the London press." We have gained the distinction by our fairness, by the knowledge we have displayed of Irish politics, and by the absence, in what we have said of the recent quarrels of the Irish party, of all misrepresentations, save those incident to our point of view. Unfortunately, however, our point of view is not that taken by the *Nation*, and our contemporary only quotes us to attack us—only honies us that we may become the sweeter morsel. The obvious inference he leaves to his readers is—If the only London journal which does display fairness and knowledge makes these mistakes, what must the ignorance and the bigotry of the rest of the English Press be?

Having always carefully treated "Irish politics" as matters of imperial consideration, and having counted on the Irish party as portion of the general Liberal party, it will be worth while to endeavour to convince Mr. Duffy that he is not quite right, and that the *Leader* is at least not so wrong as he supposes. The controversy may be put without difficulty in the proper light.

Mr. Duffy is the leader of that section of his countrymen who have denounced Messrs. Keogh and Sadleir for taking offices in the Aberdeen Government, who have thrown Mr. Sadleir out of his seat, who intend to deal as summarily with Mr. Keogh, and who proclaim as the future policy of the Irish Parliamentary party, "Independence of all English Governments." In our comments on the schism we avoided the personal question, and spoke only with reference to the future; and what we said was this. That a Parliamentary party must accept the House of Commons' conditions of success; that the Irish party, representing "Tenant Right" and "Religious Equality," was certainly sufficiently strong in numbers to hold the balance between English parties; that it had turned out Lord Derby; that it could put Lord Aberdeen in a minority; but that if it resolved on opposing every English Government which refused to concede "Tenant Right" and "Religious Equality" to Ireland, then, as Tenant Right is supposed by English people to mean confiscation, and as Religious Equality undoubtedly does mean the repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and as, consequently, the Irish party is, on these points, in advance not only of the English House of Commons, but of the English public, the only result of so factious a parliamentary policy would be—something very much more afflicting to Ireland than a dead letter insult on the statute-book. That, therefore, isolation in Parliament was impossible to this party; that it could only progress by allying itself with the English parties which reach nearest to its own principles; that distinct "independence" was perfectly possible, in the Parliamentary alliance of parties; and that into the Government which was formed by Lord Aberdeen, liberal and promising members of the Irish party could have entered without compromising their principles in any greater degree than the principles of the Radical party were compromised by Sir William Molesworth and Mr. Osborne coalescing with Lord John Russell and Sir James Graham. Result: that if Mr. Duffy and Mr. Moore had thoroughly appreciated the position of the party, they would, with a view to keeping the party together, have passed over the "treachery" of their friends with a quiet protest against the breaking of pledges; and by not driving the deserters completely from their body, they would, in the deserters' presence in the Ministry, have held the guarantee of a generous Irish policy from the Aberdeen cabinet. To these—to most Englishmen self-evident—propositions we will give the *Nation's* reply.

First, we quite admit the *Nation's* plea, that the English press is wrong in attacking a party which punishes men for a breach of faith. Messrs. Sadleir and Keogh did doubtless break their pledge; and on the ground of morality, no one can fairly censure Messrs. Moore and Duffy. The ground of expediency is quite another thing. At all events, we have nothing to do with the personal question; and if further desertion has

been prevented by the denunciation of the ring-leaders, why, we are very glad of it; only, we doubt if just the reverse be not the fact. It appears to us that the Irish party is split up by the ferocity of this denunciation of men who were personally popular: and in passing, we may reply to the sneer at our ignorance in supposing there were "northern M.P.'s" belonging to the party, by saying, that we looked forward to a northern Parliamentary contingent to represent the Presbyterians who appear on Tenant-right platforms; and certainly our fear that these northern M.P.'s would not follow Mr. Moore, and still less willingly Mr. Duffy, is borne out by Mr. Sharman Crawford's letter,—the ex-candidate for Louth's letter—defending the deserters, and denouncing the denunciation.

To come, however, to the argument. The *Nation* wonders at the vision of Celtic savage isolation we have conjured up. Our answer is, that when people cry "independence," and decry joining a Government which is made up of liberals and radicals, they suggest an isolated party in Parliament; and it was to the demonstration of the absurdity of such isolation that we addressed ourselves. Our contemporary (whom we trust, by this admission, we have in some degree convinced) now says: "It is sufficient to answer, that what the Irish party was before the recess, that precisely, to all intents and purposes, it means to be after the recess; that it does not separate itself from English help, but will gladly exchange good offices with any party with which it can honestly sympathize, and with a Government (or the Government) more readily than another." Here clearly is all we want in the way of a promise of policy: it is an admission, that had not the pledge against place-taking been so absurdly swallowed by Messrs. Sadleir and Keogh, those gentlemen would have met with a tolerably good reception in Ireland on arriving with their new titles from England.

The *Nation* goes on to say that the Irish party (the denunciatory part of it) is taking "the only course by which a minority can get itself listened to;" and our contemporary proceeds to draw a parallel between the Irish party and the Peel party, in the last Parliament.

That party, between thirty or forty in number, sat and acted together; followed the lead of neither Cabinet nor Opposition, but judged for themselves of every question that came before the House; asked no favours from Government; preserved a strict but friendly neutrality towards all parties, and punished deserters from their ranks by all the means at their command.

To raise the Irish members from being the lackeys of Government into a similar position of independence, was the fundamental policy of the Irish party—it was their bond of union; it was, and is, their sole means of accomplishing any Irish object in Parliament; and the proceedings at Carlow, which have alarmed the *Leader* with visions of Irish isolation, were merely the ordinary practice of "whipping a deserter to prevent further desertion."

The parallel seems to us peculiarly unfortunate. In the first place, because the Peel party is engulfed in the Ministry, for junction with which, Messrs. Sadleir and Keogh are to be ruined. But the parallel is chiefly infelicitous because the Peel party was simply a clever clique, which had no tangible principles distinctly separating it from other parties, and which, therefore, had no "points" in advance of the country to force on the House, and on concession to which alone it would consent to leave the Whigs in power. The Peelites, in point of fact, after Sir Robert's death, never counted twenty men, and never had numerical power in divisions in their hands. But such of the Peelites as did keep together, acted just as we advised Mr. Duffy to induce his party to act. For instance, when Sir Robert Peel (the present one) went over to the Tories, and Mr. Frederic Peel went over to the Whigs, they—held their tongues.

The *Nation* deals harshly with our suggestion, that the isolated policy would lead to the disfranchisement of Roman Catholic Ireland. But these matters are only to be put strongly. An Irish party refusing to amalgamate itself among imperial parties would do the very work the enemies of the Roman Catholics want done; and the *Nation*, in saying, "If England will take the grave course of making outlaws of the Catholics of Ireland, they, too, may accept it without hesitation. It is the shortest and directest method of

settling all national differences—an immediate dissolution of partnership"—only supports our hint that Mr. Duffy cannot expect to be accepted as the Parliamentary leader of gentlemen who mean very much less, and would risk very much less, than he means or would risk. We are not saying that the Irish party would not be justified, on abstract reason, in holding aloof from any English party not going as far as itself; and if an Irish disfranchisement were threatened, we will not venture to argue that a rebellion would not be a proper alternative, particularly if successful. We limit ourselves to pointing out that a Parliamentary party accepting Parliamentary verdicts must conform itself to the best practicable Parliamentary combinations.

In conclusion, our contemporary says,—

"We are assured that 'There is no longer an Irish Party—it is nothing, if not representing unanimity among the people.' A singular dogma this. Suppose we were to say, 'There is no longer an ABERDEEN Cabinet—it is nothing, if not representing unanimity in Parliament'—or, 'There is no longer a Protestant Church—it is nothing, if not representing unanimity among the English people.' Even in the axiomatic form nonsense is nonsense. There is an Irish party, counting more votes than the party of PEELE or the party of CORDEN; including capable and cultivated men; and able, if they see good reason, to turn the scale against the new Government any day in the week. This is not a spectre, but a very substantial entity in Parliamentary forces, and one of which our contemporary, or his friends, will not soon see the end."

We have only to comment on this, that our contemporary again is mistaken in his parallels. If the members are broken up, one half following Sadleir and Keogh, the other Moore and Duffy, then there is no longer the "Irish party," which was so numerically strong that it could change British Governments. Is not that clear? And that Messrs. Moore and Duffy do not control the Irish party, we see indications in each successive days' Irish news. We repeat, "the Irish party is nothing, if not unanimous," for this reason, that a national support only could sustain a party which asked Tenant Right and the repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill from the British Propertied and Protestant Parliament. These concessions might one day be granted to an unanimous people: they will never be granted to a Parliamentary "body"—declined from a "party."

As, however, our notion is that a parliamentary alliance between Irish Liberal and English Radical members is quite possible and very proper; and as, obviously, the influence of the Liberal element in the Government, as against its Conservative tendencies, will be dependent upon the amount of discipline and determination in the Liberals "below the gangway," we shall be glad to find Mr. Duffy's anticipations of success verified; and, undoubtedly, if the Aberdeen Government is not to be a progressive Government, then we cannot have, among Liberals, too much personal "independence."

Let us hope, indeed, that Messrs. Keogh and Sadleir, and Sir William Molesworth, and Mr. Osborne, would return to Opposition, if an Opposition should become necessary. So far, we decline to consider these men as among those statesmen whose patriotism has been only the coquetry of political prostitution. It may still be cheaper for a Premier to buy them to breed, and easier to import defenders from an Opposition, than to rear them in a Ministry; but, in the present instance, such tactics are supererogatory in a strong administration, and, at any rate, let us not make impossible the escape of the victims of such tactics.

HOW TO MEET THE PEACE PARTY.

THERE is one way in which the latest declaration of Mr. Cobden, that he is not an advocate of peace at any price, may be easily put to the test. The second of the infamous "Six Acts," passed in 1819, to enable the Lancashire magistrates to repress their poor neighbours, and generally to stifle popular agitation, was intended "to prevent the training of persons to the use of arms, and to the practice of military evolutions and exercise." Drill, as is well known, is a luxury forbidden to Englishmen. That discipline which enables large bodies of men to act together with order and certainty is not one of the birthrights of your very modern free-born Briton. Now, among the cheapest of defences is an armed and disciplined people; and the test

to impose on Mr. Cobden is, that he should ask for leave to bring in a bill to repeal all Acts which operate "to prevent the training of persons to the use of arms, and to the practice of military evolutions and exercise."

We are quite clear on this point. The people not only have, in a strict, though not in a technical sense, the right to "training to the use of arms," and military evolutions, but it is a great national duty. Mr. Cobden proposes to meet an invader with the smiths of the country, but untrained and unpractised in concerted movements, the smiths, and even the cotton-spinners of the country, are a mob with which a French army would not find it difficult to deal. Let us make the best of all our present materials of defence; but do not let us neglect the greatest material of all—the nation itself.

To meet the peace-party, we propose seriously to our Government certain practical and popular measures. Something of the kind must be done. It is quite clear that Mr. Cobden and Mr. Charles Pilpin are bent on deteriorating the nation in a military point of view, that if they succeed, the dependence of England and her high station will not be worth ten years' purchase, and that, as Carthage, we shall fall before some nation as the slave of trade and more healthily organized. Therefore we propose that Government should meet the peace-party by a counter policy, which would have the advantage of being inexpensive. We suggest that, without waiting for Mr. Cobden, Lord Palmerston should move the repeal of all drilling acts, that Mr. Sidney Herbert should revive the extinguished rifle corps, that in any scheme of national education provision should be made for military drill, and that such training should be recommended in all private schools, so that every male, as he arrives at the age of manhood, may be able to handle some weapon, and act in concert with others. We propose this purely for national defence, not only as strictly a military, but as a sanitary measure. Among the best elements of defence, we reckon health and strength. It is impossible that our men should not be more generous, more right-minded and manly, other things being equal, when they have been well trained and accustomed to arms.

We utterly deny that they would be more prone to go to war with other nations, or to provoke war gratuitously. Let the Peace Society, and the schoolmaster, and the press, teach the rising generation the folly and horror of war, whether waged in defence of aristocratic privileges, or to acquire territory, or even to extend commerce. But let them teach also that submission is worse than war, and that a wealthy and effeminate people, such as we bid fair to become in obedience to the dictates of the peace party, is a worse evil than submission.

The proposition of Manchester is that, for defence, we should rely on a hireling soldiery. What has become of the good old English abhorrence of a standing army? The first step from native mercenaries would be to foreign mercenaries, then from Swiss to Condottieri; and lastly, to submission and national death. Talk of the "cheap defence of nations"—the only one we know is the nation itself—armed and prepared.

We make these propositions in all sincerity. We have no occult purpose, no desire even to place the people in a better position to prefer an organized demand for popular rights so long denied; we only ask that the old right and self-reliance of Englishmen may be restored to them, liberty to bear arms, and liberty to acquire the use of them in the most effective way; and we base our demand on the desirability of attaining two great ends,—the improvement of the physical health of the people, and the preservation of our national independence.

THE TEN HOURS' QUESTION; OR, TRADE AND HUMANITY.

THE operatives of Todmorden have just held another public meeting on the Ten Hours' Bill question, in which Samuel and Joshua Fielden took part, and the Reverend Brook Herford and J. R. Stephens assisted. The friendly feeling manifested between employers and operatives on this occasion, is another remarkable instance of the good understanding between hitherto opposing classes. The late Act for the regulation of the hours of labour honourably respected in Todmorden, Padiham, and other places, by the mas-

ters, is set at defiance in Heywood, Stockport, and Oldham. If the Government have passed a law on the side of humanity, the Government should see it enforced. The meeting made this natural and just demand, and we hope to see it responded to. The whole question turns on this point, whether we are justified in preventing cruelty to animals, and not justified in preventing cruelty to men, women, and children. It is beside the facts of the case to say that animals have no volition, and therefore the law steps in to protect them. In working-class competition, where the poor people have no capital, but only imperious wants, they have no volition. They are at the mercy of those who use them. If you, overlooking their necessities, say they ought not to suffer themselves to be made tools, it is clear that employers ought not to be allowed to make tools of them, to an extent that involves the deterioration of society, and the steady growth of disease and immorality. Reform can only be effected by reaching the employers. Many of them honourably co-operate with the law, and take the initiative, as the Messrs. Fielden do, in an advocacy of King Alfred's wise division of eight hours for work, eight for recreation, eight for repose. One operative, Mr. Thomas Barker, observed, that "Liberty consisted in order; there was no order without law, and no law without restriction"—an intelligent notion of the practical workings of liberty and law which would do credit to many employers. Men who think thus temperately, deserve the attention of the legislature when they ask that protection which humanity would grant, and the true interests even of trade would concede.

The following passage in the speech of Mr. Joshua Fielden, of Stansfield Hall, contains not only wisdom for the operative, but, we think, also for the employer:—

"Mr. Fielden urged the audience not to yield to the temptations of earning a few extra shillings per week at the expense of their health and comfort. Even if they reverted to the old 12-hours system, and all were continued in employment, the result would be that from the increased quantity of manufactures thrown thereby on the market, the price of the commodity would be reduced, on the very principle that the old woman adopted when she said 'when eggs is plenty, eggs is cheap; but when eggs is scarce, eggs is dear.' (Laughter.) If the present fluctuations in the hours of labour were to continue, at one time they would find themselves in heaven—at another sunk down low in the abyss—one moment well-fed and clothed, at another starving and pawning their clothes. Shorter hours would cause a greater number of people to be employed—thus new factories would be built, giving work to more masons, joiners, and artisans of every kind—who, in their turn, would buy more produce, and thus increase the demand."

If the morality of labour may not yield to the temptation of a few extra shillings, should the morality of capital do it? If trade is to be exempted from the necessity of observing the laws of morality and humanity, some other professions we could name might consistently claim a similar immunity.

A RAP FOR THE SPIRIT-RAPPERS.

FROM a variety of anonymous Spirit-Rappers—some indignant, some expostulatory, some almost apostolical—we have received a variety of epistles, more or less grammatical, urging upon us, as seekers after truth, not to be led by ridicule into disbelief of the singular supernatural influences to which we on a late occasion ventured rather sceptically to refer. We have been begged by a humble enthusiast to go repeatedly to the professors, with the assurance that ultimately we shall become mediums and happy; and we have been taunted by a wealthy worshipper—who attends too much to his communications with the next world to pay any particular regard to his orthography in this—with the insinuation that as literary men never have guineas, and as the Spirits, not wishing to be reviewed, grant no press orders to anybody, we shall never even see the phenomena which we have so unscrupulously attempted to deride. Let us admit the keenness of this irony, and even advise our readers to consider its effect as an argument: it is one which, for their sakes, we have put ourselves in a position to support.

The Spirit-rapping process we do not pretend, any more than other conjuring, to explain. The *modus operandi* is a secret; the supernaturalism simply a humbug. The moving "media" were those whom we had the pleasure of beholding—one of them an elderly gentleman, announced as from America, and apparently a capital linguist (for he talked Cork like a native), and another, his wife, a lady of rather gigantic proportions, whose principal communica-

tions, naturally enough, were with a previous husband, who not having insured, and regretting his improvidence, was kindly supplying her a livelihood in this way. The couple, we should say the trio, retired into a private room, where the lips of the pair still in the flesh were seen parted as if in prayer, whilst a Bible and Prayer-book were placed before them to rouse the imaginations of any spectators who might be susceptible. After a while, certain preliminary noises having been heard, and some motion of the table being visible, we were invited to join the council and communicate with the dead. Some of the party did so, asking questions, to which two "raps" constituted a negative, three an affirmative reply. As long as this went on there was nothing to complain of: but at length the company got tired, and the professors adventurous. A lady thought of her husband; and the writing "medium" under that husband's inspiration was to inscribe the deceased's Christian name. For this purpose he went convulsively to work; he wrote, and proclaimed *Charles*. The dead man called himself *Johs* when in this world! But it is unnecessary at any length to expose an imposture, which is only not ridiculous on account of its possibly serious effects. The sole mystery of the performance is that "raps" occur for which one cannot account, and that there is a motion of the furniture of which one cannot see the cause. Upon this evidence the jugglers make their appeal, and upon no other. For our part we should be unwilling to deprive them of their plunder, which those whom they take in can very well spare, if a stupid curiosity were the sole cause of their success. But the fact is, they have made converts, or rather fools, of grown and nominally educated men; and the delusion of adults has had such an effect upon them that even madness may result in many cases from the belief in this nonsense with which they have haunted the minds of their children. Young girls and boys have been nominated as future "media," and, as a consequence, have had their nerves shaken and their sleep destroyed with perpetual visions of ghosts, and all sorts of imagined communications from spirits. This makes the matter so serious, that though we began in irony we must end in earnest. The Spirit-rappers' pretensions appear, to say the least of it, to be a nuisance; and if a nuisance, they ought to be "put down." Let there be a judicial, and if required, a scientific investigation of their claims: an ordeal of inquiry is but an act of justice to professors of truth.

A (HAIR) BRUSH WITH THE EMPEROR.

WHEN an Emperor, nobly declining official alliances with blood royal, marries for love and true religion, congratulating his subjects that they have a Catholic and a beauty to sit with him on the throne, he has perhaps a natural right to expect that his friends and partisans will pay him the compliment of supposing that he has the wisdom as well as the tastes of a Solomon, and is able to judge as correctly of female excellence as of imperial interests. Louis Napoleon, at any rate, is under this impression, for which we can scarcely blame him; and, acting with his usual impetuosity upon it, he has soothed his feelings, which, we are told, were wounded by some remarks of our Paris Correspondent on his bride, by a general seizure of those copies of an evening contemporary which contained them. We have been studying the passage, in hopes that we might find some excuse for being apologetic, or at any rate some graceful and dexterous escape from the impropriety of caricaturing a "lawful wife"—to use Mrs. Potts's by-this-time classic expression. We have been trembling for the security of the adventurous Frenchman who ventured to differ with his monarch on so delicate a matter of opinion, and wondering whether this week would be without its correspondence, in consequence of our usual informant finding himself without his head. But on looking back carefully—as we certainly might have done at first—to see what was the extent of our offence, and what the monstrous calumnies on the Imperial Pamela, that we had been instrumental in circulating, and that our Bonapartist English contemporary had done us the honour to quote, we find that unless we can alter a fact, and for that purpose write a falsehood, we must let the matter rest where it is, only hoping that the Emperor has by this time recovered his temporarily ruffled serenity. The way in which we wounded the French royal feelings, we are told, was this: We accepted our Paris Correspondent's word for the colour of the Empress's hair. He said it was red: but not *how* red. The step from the horrid red to the lovely golden, in short, the link between beauty and ugliness is slight and subtle; yet who would dare to apply the epithet "carrots" to the voluptuous beauty of Giorgione, to Titian's Venus rising from the sea, or to Petrarch's Laura?

"*Elle est rousse*" was the expression of our correspondent. Now there is a red, no doubt, that would justify offence, as it is supposed to indicate a poverty of blood and a low development, though this will probably be found to be a purely arbitrary assumption: there is a red, too, such as we may attribute to a fallen angel; but there is also a red which

hovers between the blond coué and the sunny auburn; the red of rich and sumptuous beauty; the red of the waving harvest, on which the sun-ray lingers like a willing captive; the red of massive gold; the "red" of imperial blood. Now this peculiar colour is as changeable as the beauty to which it ministers. In certain lights it looks as fair as the finest sand; in others, a rich brown or a golden auburn; while massed broadly on the temples, it is as dark as night, with blue-black shade. As to the Empress Eugénie, of whom we desire to speak with all respect and admiration, we can only say that while she has been variously described to us by those who have seen her (and all who have seen, admire her) as light-haired, dark-haired, brown-haired, auburn-haired, we may fairly be allowed to believe that our correspondent, who speaks altogether so favourably of her, meant nothing offensive in this imputation of red hair. But we must not incur the jealousy of the numerous and influential class of "artists in hair" by trespassing too far on their domain of knowledge. The fact is, history is, after all, nothing but a "story-teller;" and contemporary chroniclers, who see the same objects so differently, are only story-tellers, whose credibility belongs to the next generation.

Recognising the Emperor's taste and experience in these matters, we give him the benefit of the doubt, and declare from our hearts that we believe he knows a pretty woman when he sees her, and would not have made a parvenue Empress except out of an "accomplished" beauty. We must, however, observe that our singularly fastidious contemporary probably makes a slight mistake as to the cause of that displeasure which we regret it should have so needlessly incurred, but which an awkward but sincere apology will doubtless have appeased. The Emperor, like other people, is liable to the human failing of concealing his own motives from himself, and attributing to an ostensible cause actions which have their rise in a concealed one. The real sting of the extract which the *Sun* took from us, was not the statement of a fact concerning the Empress, but the statement of a fact concerning the Emperor, which, in truth, involved a compliment, though at his expense, to his bride. "As far as aristocratic blood goes, Mlle. de Montijo is of higher birth than Bonaparte, who (as we know well enough) is simply the bastard son of a French Creole and a Dutch Admiral. So much for origin." It was easy to ride off upon the outrage of calling "golden" hair red, if golden be the term which courtiers are henceforth to apply; as also it would have been easy for the Imperial secretaries to supply our contemporary with an authentic and, to us, damning confutation of a libel apparently so offensive, if it were false. But the truth is, that this was the pretext and not the reason, and that the objectionable part of our Paris Letter was not its giving a fact capable of instant contradiction, but its revival, quite *en passant*, of a matter of family history, which the Emperor, living on a name and under an *alias*, would of course wish consigned to speedy and eternal oblivion. The first mistake of the *Sun*, for which we hope the Imperial Patron will grant forgiveness, was the adoption for the sake of its readers of a paragraph which must have annoyed the object of its adulation,—the Emperor. The second, and the worse of the two, for which, however, we pardon it, was the excuse that the extract had been inserted, not as an article of reliable news—as which it appeared—but in a spirit of irony, and to create amusement (among people who had no possible previous knowledge on the subject treated!) by its utter and obvious fictionousness. The Emperor also has been in error. He confesses himself a parvenu; why not acknowledge himself a bastard? William the Conqueror did not claim to be born of a "lawful wife." Why should not Louis Napoleon, who, we know, is coming to Hastings some day, acknowledge Uncle Tom as the real original *non oncle*, and having arrived here with his army, like a man, endeavour to show us that he can also behave like a ("big") brother?

THE SUNDAY AT SYDENHAM.

IN our News of the Week will be found a brief notice of the meeting of working men who assembled on Wednesday evening to give expression to their reasons for desiring that the Palace at Sydenham should be kept open on Sunday afternoon. The delegates present represented the convictions of upwards of 92,000 of our artisan population in favour of an innocent, an elevating, and therefore a religious manner of occupying the afternoon hours of Sunday. As offering the first public protest against the opinions of those who still persist in declaring a bastard Jewish observance of each seventh day in the week to be obligatory on a Christian community, the assembly of Wednesday evening is assuredly a very remarkable one—though it were only in virtue of the number and quality of the protesters present, or represented, at it. Finding by the report of the meeting in the *Daily News* that it stands adjourned until Wednesday next, and that "the social consideration of the subject" (by no means the least important

part of it) is postponed to that occasion, we prefer abstaining from comment on the speeches already delivered till we can notice them in conjunction with others yet to be spoken, which will fairly continue and conclude a very important expression of popular opinion, as yet but half completed. Next week, therefore, we shall resume the subject, giving it all the attention which a topic of such vast social importance demands at our hands.



Open Council.

[IN THIS DEPARTMENT, AS ALL OPINIONS, HOWEVER EXTREME, ARE ALLOWED AN EXPRESSION, THE EDITOR NECESSARILY HOLDS HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR NONE.]

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write.—MILTON.

A CONVERT'S OPINION OF THE EMPEROR.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—The Emperor is married. What is that to you? A political fact. What is that to me? An occasion of honest pleasure. I was present at the ceremony. I will tell you some of my impressions from it, and I solemnly avow that all my remarks are meant to encourage faith, hope, and charity. By the kindness of one of the most intimate personal English friends of the Emperor, I mingled with the splendid crowd at Notre Dame, at a solemnity unparalleled in its imperial magnificence, in its dazzling array of beauty, valour, rank, and wealth. In that sacred church, over which centuries have passed, whose memories are as awful as any in all the cities of the world, I saw Louis Napoleon married to one of God's fairest women. A tender, lovely, confiding, adoring woman! As this great sovereign, hand in hand with his bride, walked up the nave, I took occasion to markedly observe them both. She, pale, sad, modest, yet self-possessed; he, easy, smiling, chivalrous, and content. I am not going to journalize the rich uniforms of the Ministers, the Court, the soldiery; the dignified march of the priests, preceding their Archbishop, with his golden crozier. I will not take up your time with neat and full description of the hangings of ermine, of purple, crimson, and green velvet, emblazoned with golden bees, N's and E's,—I will not rhapsodize about as grand a musical service as ever instruments or voices performed, nor dwell with a wondering delight upon the diamond-like illuminations which lit up the great hall in a blaze. No, I am to speak of richer and more priceless property than these gorgeous yet barbaric attributes of rank. I want to tell you what thoughts came into my head on that eventful Sunday in the noblest edifice of the most refined city in the world; I thought I would learn what of the future concerned my nation and myself from this great present solemnity. I believe the French Emperor to have as generous a heart as ever filled a human breast. Mind, I am not letting out my feelings for hire, when I candidly yet earnestly avow that I believe the French Emperor to have as generous a heart as ever filled a human breast. I know that when he was in London, under the curse of poverty, one of the holiest women who ever existed relieved his wants by her bounty. I know that the sainted Queen Dowager admired,—aye, and respected Louis Napoleon, and, as delicately as she could, administered to his pressing necessities. I know that he has not a debt unpaid, nor one in honour or good feeling that he will not some day set himself free from. I know that even to parasites and fallen, unhappy people of both sexes, he has been a bounteous friend. Where did he get his money from? As the head of a nation who has ever supported her rulers with unsparring munificence, he was perfectly justified to take what he pleased. Ask any honest tradesman of Paris how much this adventurer, as they scoldingly call him, has saved to France. Had he been twenty times

more lavish than he is, the salvage-money would have been well earned. Called to the throne by a people who adored a great memory, Louis Napoleon took his place as President of the Republic amid factions who panted only for power and place. The Bourbonists, the Orléanists, the Communists, the Red Republicans, the Imperialists, hated each other like fighting-dogs. When a master-mind came amongst them, they ridiculed its owner, they belied his intentions, they calumniated his private habits, they obstructed his plans for the people's welfare, they denied him a sufficient revenue, they caballed against his ministers,—finally, they drove him to the December fight. Let's have no paltry, effeminate nonsense about this slaughter. It was wise, just, and a necessity. 'Twas but a question of degree whether all France should be open to anarchy and spoliation under one name or another, or whether a bold, clear-headed, and honest ruler should keep his reins of authority for the benefit of those who put him there. Would not the Orléanists, on that memorable day, the news of which shook all the thrones of Europe, have carried their creed by the sword and fire? Did not General Cavaignac for his barren pedantry of a Republic, batt down houses, break up barricades, and slay the sands, who well deserved their fate? Are the Bourbon race and their adherents renowned for mere when they have a cause to fight for? I think I hear Louis Quatorze exclaiming, "Spare my people and I will abdicate." Bah! We men of the world know that selfishness has nursed every one of the rival parties who would dominate France. So, when matters came to their ripeness, Louis Napoleon, as President of the Republic, knowing that the nation at large preferred an unflinching, determined, responsible individual (who should be thoroughly master of his situation) to a simid herd of princes, who left their wives and children to the mercy of a populace—Louis Napoleon, I say, as President of the Republic, knowing himself to be an abler and better authority than a half-crazed, weakly prince—than a stern theorist (whose dreams of equality were all smoke)—than a fanatic Communist Skimpole, ignorant of responsibility,—Louis Napoleon, I avow, was perfectly justified in keeping his seat, and chaining or shooting all who would stand in his way.

I believe, if God shall give him life, and save him from the assassin's blow, he will regenerate France. The army turn their eyes to Belgium and Holland—the Emperor has promised, and will try to open up the long-neglected territories of France by railways, canals, and roads. He even thinks to essay a conscript service for field labour, which the State shall lend to land proprietors. He will carry free trade through the length and breadth of his land. He will colonize in the Canadas, South America, Australia, California, China, and Japan, after the fashion of Imperial Rome. 'Tis thus he earnestly prays to employ the restless and active soldier. His riflemen will compete with the Kentucky marksmen in killing deer. His chasseurs will scare the wild beasts of Africa; his dragoons will range the Australian savannahs; his regiments of the line will fertilize mother earth where she is barren and unproductive. The coldness of the populace will melt before the genial full-heartedness of their present ruler. France shall be prosperous and rich to overflowing; she shall have a court that shall vie with all the glories of Versailles, and yet the people shall be smiling and contented; she shall have a venerated church. Her noble seminaries of education shall be replenished and enlarged; her moralities shall be made fair and pure by the sweet modesty of the angel who is to share the Emperor's throne; and when, in the fulness of time, the Ruler and his wife go to their long rest, I solemnly believe, with all my heart and soul, their true epitaph will be, "They lived for France alone."

C. L. E.

London, Feb. 2, 1853.

MORNING IN LONDON.—London was rousing everywhere into morning activity, as I passed through the streets. The shutters were being removed from the windows of public-houses—the drink-vampires that suck the life of London, were opening their eyes betimes to look abroad for the new day's prey! Small tobacco and provision-shops in poor neighbourhoods; dirty little eating-houses, exhaling greasy-smelling steam, and displaying a leaf of yesterday's paper, stained and fly-blown, hanging in the windows—were already plying, or making ready to ply, their daily trade. Here, a labouring man, late for his work, hurried by; there, a hale old gentleman started for his early walk before breakfast. Now a market-cart, already unloaded, passed me on its way back to the country; now, a cab, laden with luggage and carrying pale, sleepy-looking people, rattled by, bound for the morning train or the morning steamboat.—COLLINS'S Basil.

Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review*.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

TWO LETTERS TO CHARLES DICKENS.

No. I.

MY DEAR DICKENS,—What you write is read wherever the English language is read. This magnificent popularity carries with it a serious responsibility. A vulgar error countenanced by you becomes, thereby, formidable. Therefore am I, in common with many of your admirers, grieved to see that an error exploded from science, but one peculiarly adapted to the avid credulity of unscientific minds, has been seriously taken up by you, and sent all over the world with your imprimatur—an act which will tend to perpetuate the error in spite of the labours of a thousand philosophers. No journal but the *Leader* has taken up this matter; but I would fain hope that if the case can be clearly stated, and the error shown, on all sides, to be an error, the press of England will lend its aid towards the disabusing of the public mind, and that you yourself will make some qualifying statement in your Preface.

My object in these two letters will be to show, that the highest scientific authorities of the day distinctly disavow the notion of Spontaneous Combustion; that the evidence in favour of the notion is worthless; that the theories in explanation are absurd; and that, according to all known chemical and physiological laws, Spontaneous Combustion is an impossibility. In continuing this discussion, I withdraw the slight veil of the anonymous "we," and address you openly, in order that criticism may be deprived of even the appearance of asperity.

Let me commence with an apology. When this subject was first briefly noticed in the *Leader*, I very much underrated its seriousness. Believing that it was an error long banished to the region of vulgar errors, and that you had picked it up among the curiosities of your reading, without thinking of verifying it, I fancied a few plain statements of a physiological nature would be sufficient to convince you and others. Herein lay my mistake. I have since become aware of a serious fact,—viz., that the belief is very current among medical men, and has grave authorities to support it. This, while it excuses your adoption of the theory, renders that adoption still more dangerous, for the readers of *Bleak House*, startled at the incident of Krook's death, will turn to their medical adviser for confirmation or disproof.

Nor is there anything wonderful in this assent of medical men; for,—not to mention the text-books where they would see it gravely set forth as an established fact,—they are, *ex officio*, rather men of art than men of science. I allude to this distinction between art and science (more clearly seen, perhaps, in the distinction between navigation and astronomy,) to make way for subsequent exposition of the ignorance—or forgetfulness, equivalent to ignorance—shown by the adherents to the theory of Spontaneous Combustion—forgetfulness which may, without presumption, be pointed out by one who never wrote a prescription, and cannot set a dislocated limb.

It is due to you that I should declare a large majority on your side. Works on medical jurisprudence, Dictionaries, and Encyclopædias, lend the theory their authority. Medical men frequently adopt it. So that you, not specially engaged in any subjects of this nature, may well be excused for having adopted it.

On the other hand, it is necessary I should declare that these authorities are insignificant, beside the authorities ranged against them. What are medical dictionaries and works on jurisprudence compared with authorities of such commanding eminence as LIEBIG, BISCHOFF, REGNAULT, GRAHAM, HOFMANN, and OWEN? I only name those whom I know to have pronounced unequivocally on this point, but I believe you will find no one eminent organic chemist of our day who credits Spontaneous Combustion. When I mentioned the subject to Professor GRAHAM, the other evening, he replied, "There is no more completely exploded error in chemistry. It has been carefully examined, and found to have no vestige of probability." Dr. HOFMANN said the same, adding that, two years ago, on the occasion of the Görlitz murder, the subject was thoroughly investigated by LIEBIG and BISCHOFF, who proved, in court, that all the alleged cases were no more credible than were the alleged cases of witchcraft. In the last edition of his *Letters on Chemistry*, LIEBIG devotes a chapter to this subject, from which I will borrow largely in the course of my argument. Meanwhile, read these passages:—

"We cannot wonder that, fifty or a hundred years ago, there were distinguished physicians, who believed and defended the spontaneous combustion of the human body, at a time when the essence and nature of combustion, generally, was hardly known; but the modern authors who defend this opinion, are, for the most part, men, whose qualifications for judging, or whose powers of observation, and whose possession of the necessary knowledge, are not proved by other genuine scientific labours or investigations in their department of science, and whose names are only known because they have appeared as defenders of the opinion in question.

"The distinct and unhesitating way in which, in many works on medical jurisprudence, the known cases are related and the different theories of spontaneous combustion are explained, has had the bad effect of inducing many well-informed

practical physicians, contrary to their better conviction, to allow spontaneous combustion to pass for established truth, and not to contradict the statements and opinions of the supporters of that theory, in order to avoid being regarded as heretics in medicine.

"The conclusions to which the theory of spontaneous combustion leads, are in such decided contradiction with all experience, that the explanation offered by the adherents of that theory has not met with the smallest acceptance on the part of one distinguished physician, in any degree acquainted with the natural sciences."

Thus, as a question of authority, it is decisively against you. Perhaps you refuse to accept authority in such a matter; you may say, "men of science, even the best of them, often err, and they may be wrong here." Nevertheless, when you consider the excessive complexity of this subject, the superficial acquaintance with organic chemistry so general among medical writers, and the eminence of the men I have just named, you must acknowledge that none of the authorities on your side can be allowed to have equivalent value. Your reply to my remarks was this:—

"Out of the court, and a long way out of it, there is considerable excitement too; for men of science and philosophy come to look, and carriages set down doctors at the corner who arrive with the same intent, and there is more learned talk about inflammable gases and phosphuretted hydrogen than the court has ever imagined. Some of these authorities (of course the wisest) hold with indignation that the deceased had no business to die in the alleged manner; and being reminded by other authorities of a certain inquiry into the evidence for such deaths, reprinted in the sixth volume of the *Philosophical Transactions*; and also of a book not quite unknown, on *English Medical Jurisprudence*; and likewise of the Italian case of the Countess Cornelia Baudi as set forth in detail by one Bianchini, prebendary of Verona, who wrote a scholarly work or so, and was occasionally heard of in his time as having gleams of reason in him; and also of the testimony of Messrs. Fodéré and Mere, two pestilent Frenchmen who would investigate the subject; and further, of the corroborative testimony of Monsieur Le Cat, a rather celebrated French surgeon once upon a time, who had the unpoliteness to live in a house where such a case occurred, and even to write an account of it;—still they regard the late Mr. Krook's obstinacy, in going out of the world by any such byway, as wholly unjustifiable and personally offensive."

Humorous, but not convincing! The authority of the *Philosophical Transactions* of 1750 can be brought into no chemical court of 1853; Beck's *Medical Jurisprudence*, though an excellent work, is only a work of erudition, not of scientific authority; the same of Fodéré's *Médecine Légale*; the prebendary of Verona may have been a first-rate scholar, but you will not ask any one to accept his authority in chemistry—a man may be a giant among verbs "in μ " yet a child among oxides and anhydrous acids. Then, as to Le Cat, the fact of his "having lived in the house where such a case occurred" is evidence only to the fact of combustion, not at all to the fact of the combustion having been spontaneous. In the house where he lived a body was found burned. His residence in no way alters the value of his evidence. The persons who were in the château where the last Prince de Condé was found hanging were witnesses to the fact that he was found hanging, but could not testify on the point at issue—whether the Prince hanged himself or was murdered.

Had you referred me to Professor Apjohn's article, *Spontaneous Combustion*, in the *Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine*, or to Dr. Marc's article in the *Dictionnaire des Sciences Médicales*, it would have been more to the purpose; but I repeat, if authority is to be brought into court it must be decisively against you.

You will refer me to the historical evidence. Knowing how much fiction is habitually mixed up with the sincerest evidence, and knowing also the difficulty of getting anything like satisfactory evidence on scientific or complex questions, few thinking men are in the habit of attaching much importance to "reported cases." With these misgivings I have attentively read about forty cases of alleged Spontaneous Combustion, and I declare to you that there is not one which carries with it the evidence necessary to shake a sceptic. It is miserable stuff for the most part, to be thrown into the lumber room with witchcraft evidence. Whenever it has any appearance of being reliable it goes to prove—that a man or woman was found burned! How they were burned is not obvious. But ignorance of the cause is no argument in favour of that cause being "spontaneous combustion;" there is not a tittle of evidence to prove spontaneity. Liebig says:—

"It is admitted that no one has ever been present during the combustion. None of the physicians who collected the cases, and attempted to explain them, has ever observed the process, or ascertained what preceded the combustion. It has also been invariably unascertained how much of combustible matter was on the spot. And, it is also unknown how much time had elapsed from the commencement of the combustion to the moment when the consumed body was found.

"The descriptions of cases of death from spontaneous combustion, which belong to the last century, are not certified by highly cultivated physicians; they commonly proceed from ignorant persons, unpractised in observation, and bear in themselves the stamp of untrustworthiness. In these accounts, it is usually stated that the body entirely disappears, down to a greasy stain on the floor and some remains of bones. Every one knows that this is impossible. The smallest bit of bone, in the fire, becomes white, and loses somewhat of its bulk, but of its weight there remains from 60 to 64 per cent. of earthy matter, commonly retaining the form of the original bone.

"A closer examination of the most important of these three cases will show what is to be thought of it. It is told by Battaglio, a surgeon in Ponte Bosisio, (a surgeon in Italy in the year 1787 may be considered as equal to a bathor or rubber.)

DEMETRIUS THE IMPOSTOR.

Demetrius the Impostor. An Episode in Russian History. By Prosper Mérimée. Translated by Andrew Scoble.

"A priest, named Bertholi, goes to the market at Filetto, to transact business there, and lodges with his brother-in-law in that town. In his bed-room he has a sackcloth placed between his shirt and his shoulders, and when left alone, betakes himself to the reading of his prayer-book. A few minutes later, an unusual noise is heard in his room; he is heard to scream, and the people of the house find him stretched on the floor, surrounded by a light flame, which, as they approach, recedes, and at last disappears.

"The skin (epidermis) of the right arm and of the surface from the shoulders down to the loins, was found detached from the flesh. The shoulders, protected by the sackcloth, were not injured; the sackcloth itself showed no trace of fire; on all the injured parts the shirt was consumed; and everywhere, where the dress was not burned, no injury was found below it. The drawers and legs were not affected by the burning.

"Dr. Marc (*Diet. des Sciences Méd.* tom. vi. p. 85) attaches singular importance to this case, and declares that it sheds light generally on the cause of the phenomenon of spontaneous combustion, which he thinks must be sought for in electricity.

"This case is one chief support of the opinion, that a spontaneous combustion is possible, and there has been attached to it the idea of a very peculiar fire, which burns animal matter, without kindling the surrounding objects. But neither Marc nor Frank, who separates this case from the others, mention what is stated by more conscientious and accurate observers, namely, that, before the combustion, a lamp filled with oil was in the room, which lamp, after the event, was found empty, and its wick burned to ashes.

"If we reflect, that the body was burned only where the shirt was consumed, that no marks of fire appeared on the other parts where this had not happened, and further, that the skin was not burned or charred, but only detached (it hung down in shreds) from the body, while the shirt was entirely burned and reduced to ashes, it is quite impossible to admit that the kindling and combustion of the shirt were caused by the skin, which yet did not itself burn; and no other explanation remains but that the shirt had caught fire, and that the burns or wounds were the results of its very superficial combustion. The presence of the lamp, which, as the disappearance of the oil proves, had burned, removes every doubt as to the origin of the fire."

This analysis of the reported case (and we may be sure a sharp-sighted reporter would have told us much more) will show how untrustworthy is the best of the evidence.

"With respect to the extraordinary rapidity of the supposed spontaneous combustion, this is a mere invention; for in the cases in which persons have been found dead, nothing whatever is known of the course of the accident.

"The same remark applies to the character of the flame, which is said not to be extinguished by water. All the evidence for this (rapidity of combustion and inextinguishable flame) is derived from one case which was described, not by a physician, not even by a surgeon of those days, nor by a bathor, but by a priest named Boineau. It was that of a woman of eighty, who drank nothing else than brandy. She began to burn, sitting on a chair, and burned, although water was poured upon her, till all the flesh was consumed. The skeleton alone remained, sitting in the chair. This case is related in a letter dated the 22nd of February, 1749, and is therefore one hundred and one years old. The narrator was not present, and did not see the flame; and the story plainly indicates a good intention on his part,—that of inoculating his flock with a wholesome terror for brandy-drinking. This explains the resemblance between the flame of the burning tippler and hell-fire. The chair, which had not sinned, of course did not burn, and was only slightly singed on the surface.

"The notion of the rapidity of the combustion, and the peculiar character of the flame, assumed in the remaining forty or fifty cases, rest on this case alone; for, in all the others, the people were found burned to death, who had been seen alive five, six, or twelve hours before. Nothing more is known of these cases."

There is in the human mind an inherent and irresistible desire for explanations, and a naturally facile credulity springing from that desire. We cannot hold the mind in suspense; we hate to admit our ignorance. We insist on overruling the chasm, if it be but with a word. For every unusual phenomenon there is consequently an explanation at once desired and forthcoming. The man who boldly flings forth the word, and satisfies the intellectual craving by even the semblance of an explanation, at once gains facile credence. This is the origin of legends and myths. Man, the hungry logophagist, swallowed the phrase Spontaneous Combustion as soon as it was thrown out to explain certain unexplained deaths; and semi-science built up theories to accredit it. Science, when grown older and wiser, saw through it; and eliminated the testimony to certain facts from the additions unconsciously furnished by imagination.

I utterly reject the evidence, partly because it is bad evidence for anything, but mainly because it testifies to a physical impossibility.

Let us not deceive ourselves respecting the value of reported cases. You, Dickens, would not believe a whole neighbourhood of respectable witnesses who should declare that the lamp-post had been converted, by a flash of lightning, into an elm tree. No, not if they swore to having seen it. Why? Simply because you would rather believe these witnesses in error than disbelieve the millions of testimonies implied in the establishment of those scientific truths which contradict such a transmutation. Although the notion of Spontaneous Combustion may not be so obviously impossible as the change from a lamp-post into an elm tree, yet I believe it is really so; and if the testimony of reported cases be allowed to shake our faith in the simple laws of organic chemistry, hereafter to be adduced, on the same ground respectable testimony may shake our faith in the impossibility of a lamp-post becoming an elm. But for the clear enunciation of these laws, and their application to Spontaneous Combustion, I shall require another letter.

Believe me, my dear Dickens,

Yours very faithfully,

G. H. LEWES.

Of all the pretenders to an imperial crown, Demetrius is the most remarkable; and if we except Louis Napoleon, none have been more successful. M. Mérimée, the delightful author of *Clara Gazul*, *Chronique de Charles IX.*, *Colomba*, and several charming stories, besides a sagacious and noteworthy work on Roman History, has undertaken to separate from the legendary and historical confusion obscuring this daring adventurer a clear and interesting story, worthy to be placed among the best specimens of the romance of history.

A strange picture is presented of the early days of Russia. Does it not seem wildly improbable that a man should be able to make a successful claim to a great empire by declaring himself to be the prince who was murdered as an infant, publicly buried and mourned, and whose murder was the occasion of a long and scandalous trial, followed by a savage slaughter?—

"Judgment was not long delayed; it was pronounced, as it would appear, with considerable solemnity, and ratified by the approval of a numerous assembly of ecclesiastical dignitaries. The Tsarina-dowager was obliged to take the veil under the name of Marfa, and was banished to the monastery of St. Nicholas, near Tcherépovets; and her two brothers, Michael and Gregory, were exiled to a distance from the capital. At the same time, Bitiagofski and his companions were buried with a magnificent funeral, and a solemn service was celebrated in their honour. The inhabitants of Ooglitche were proclaimed rebels, and punished with a rigour bordering upon ferocity. More than two hundred perished in their tortures; others had their tongues cut out, or were cast into loathsome dungeons. Terror had already dispersed the greater part of the population, and a once flourishing city had become a wilderness. The remainder of the wretched inhabitants were sent to Siberia, a province which had been conquered, and, as it were, discovered during the reign of Ivan, but which was still almost uninhabited. They there founded the town of Pelim, one of the first Russian settlements in that desert land."

Yet this was done by Demetrius. Taking advantage of a peculiarity so trifling as that of a mole on his cheek, and of his own obscure origin, he made himself master of the history of Russia, and with a bold, confident spirit, proclaimed himself the son of Ivan the Terrible, whom the people believed to have been murdered. How he succeeded must be read in Mérimée. There all is made clear. The state of public feeling and of national superstition makes it intelligible. For Demetrius, like Louis Napoleon, was successful by the force of circumstances. He was truly an historical person—that is to say, the centre to which a vast variety of currents were separately tending. Had he appeared earlier or later he would have ignobly failed; as Louis Napoleon ignobly failed at Strasbourg and Boulogne, yet succeeded in Paris, not because he was a better man than at Strasbourg and Boulogne—not because he was less stupid, less impotent, less contemptible; but because circumstances formerly adverse were then favourable. To those who worship success, and think this depraved and reckless adventurer a great man because he succeeded (they thought him an idiot when he failed!), we suggest an attentive consideration of the circumstances by which he was enabled to succeed: terror of the Reds, hatred of the Assembly, contempt of the Legitimists, the name of Napoleon, the want of "strong government" and of "order," the machinations of parties, and the influence of the priests—these were all circumstances pointing one way; and these make him the most historical man of his time.

Like Louis Napoleon in this respect, Demetrius is very unlike him in being intrinsically a gallant, high-spirited, heroic nature; a Cossack capable of creating a place for himself under any circumstances; a man of wit, of invention, of large schemes, of remarkable cleverness, of generous soul, and of great physical superiority. His very superiority was his ruin.

"He was resolved to reign by himself, to know everything, to see everything with his own eyes. Basmanof, though always treated by him with the greatest distinction, and even with friendship, quickly perceived that it would not be easy to govern this young man of twenty-three years old, whose Mentor he had undoubtedly meant to become. Demetrius would have neither favourite nor master. He was determined that all should bend to his will, and yet, despot though he was, he was fond of discussion, and allowed his boyards the most complete liberty to contradict him. He daily presided over his council; and his prodigious memory, his quickness of perception, and his penetration, confounded his ministers. They inquired where he could have gained such a thorough acquaintance with the state of his empire, its wants and its resources. Though tolerating and even inviting contradiction, he too frequently abused his superiority to rail pitilessly at adversaries whom he had convinced of mistake, or whom respect had reduced to silence. His pleasantries left wounds as deep as the insults of a capricious and unreasoning tyrant could have produced. Moreover, he too openly displayed a partial preference for foreign customs, which shocked the prejudices of the Muscovites. He was incessantly quoting the example of Poland, that ancient enemy of Russia, and extolling on every occasion the superiority of her laws and of her civilization. 'Travel, and gain instruction,' he would say to his boyards; 'you are savages; you need the polish of education.' These jests upon the ignorance of his subjects were never forgiven, for that ignorance, in the eyes of many persons, bore a sacred character, akin to that of the ancient religion and time-honoured customs of the country."

"When he entered Moscow, it was still a prey to the ravages of famine, and misery prevailed throughout the city. He succeeded in promptly remedying this sad state of things by wise regulations which, by encouraging commerce and the importation of food, soon produced abundance in the place of dearth. He also applied himself, from the very outset of his reign, to reforming the administration of justice, by setting bounds to the rapacity of the judges, and prohibiting the slowness of their proceedings. Following the example of many Tsars whose memory was cherished in the traditions of the people, he appeared every Sunday and Wednesday on the threshold of his palace, and there received all petitions with his own hands. He interrogated his petitioners with kindness, listened patiently to their statements, and frequently terminated with a single word an affair which had lasted for long years. If he found it necessary to reject a request, he did it

with so much consideration, that his obliging words gave almost as much satisfaction as if he had granted a favour.

"His indefatigable activity of mind and body astonished all his court; but the Muscovites, accustomed to the solemn etiquette of their Tsars, thought that he was sometimes wanting in dignity. For example, instead of going to church in a carriage, according to custom, he repaired thither on horseback, and frequently on a restive steed which he took delight in managing. When Ivan, Feodor, or Boris mounted on horseback (and that happened very rarely), a well-trained hackney was brought to them; one dignitary of the empire placed a stool, another held the stirrup; the Tsar was lifted into his saddle, and the whole affair was managed gravely and deliberately. Matters had now thoroughly changed. With the agility of a child of the steppes, Demetrius loved to ride a restive stallion; with one hand he seized the mane of his horse, and leaped into his seat before his officers had time to discharge their respective duties. In former times, the Tsars never passed from one room into another without being supported under the arms by several of their courtiers. They were guided and led about like children in leading-strings. All these tiresome ceremonies were now set aside. The new Tsar went out of his palace without informing any one, almost always without a guard, executing on the spur of the moment any thought that occurred to his mind. He walked on foot through the town, sometimes inspecting the works of a cannon-foundry which he had just established at Moscow, sometimes entering into the shops, chatting with the merchants, especially with foreigners, and displaying great curiosity to examine everything and become acquainted with the instruments and products of their industry. His chamberlains and body-guards frequently had to look for him in street after street, and found it extremely difficult to find him again. Whenever he heard of any new branch of industry, he immediately became desirous to introduce it into Russia, and made the most advantageous offers to skilful artisans and enlightened merchants in order to induce them to settle in his dominions. He was fond of the arts, and particularly of music. It is said that he was the first Tsar who took vocal and instrumental performers into his service. During his meals, symphonies were executed—a Polish fashion, then newly introduced, and regarded almost as scandalous by the Russians. Many persons would have preferred that he should have got drunk with his buffoons, like Ivan the Terrible, rather than that he should listen to German or Polish musicians. Contrary to the usage which was then general in Russia, he never indulged in the siesta after his meals; he was always in motion. Even his diversions bore witness to his craving after activity. The most violent exercises were those which he preferred. Falconry and horse-racing were his means of relaxation after his labours in the cabinet. A bold and accomplished horseman, he took delight in breaking in the most unruly horses. One day at Tsinsk, it was resolved that a bear-fight, the favourite amusement of the nobility at that period, should be got up in his honour. A bear was caught in the woods, and let loose again in a kind of arena, in which huntsmen armed with pikes put him to death, or were themselves torn to pieces by the infuriated animal. The pacific Feodor Ivanovitch used to take great pleasure in these cruel spectacles. But Demetrius was not a man to look at such conflicts from the top of a balcony. Disregarding the entreaties of his courtiers, he went down alone into the arena, ordered an enormous bear to be let loose upon him, and killed him with a thrust of his boar-spear.

"His skill in all warlike exercises, and his dashing intrepidity, gained him the admiration of his soldiers, and especially of the Cossacks; but the mass of the nation found it difficult to reconcile this restlessness and taste for useless dangers with the idea which they had formed to themselves of a Tsar of all the Russias. Scrupulous persons, in particular, found much to complain of in his conduct, in all that regarded religious practices. He was inattentive at divine service, he frequently forgot to salute the holy images before taking his meals, and he sometimes rose abruptly from table, without washing his hands. This was then considered the height of impiety. Another crime imputed to him was that he did not go regularly to the bath on Saturdays. On the day of his coronation, one of the Polish Jesuits who had accompanied him paid him a compliment in Latin, which no one understood, and the Tsar, perhaps, as little as any one; but the devotees had no doubt that the speech contained horrid blasphemies against the national religion, for all knew that Latin was the language of the Papists. Sometimes, when speaking to Russian ecclesiastics, he used the expression, '*Your religion, your worship.*' It was inferred from this that he had his own particular religion, which could be nothing else than the Latin heresy. At one of the sittings of the Imperial Council, it was represented to him that a proposition which he had just brought forward was condemned by the seventh oecumenical council, the last whose authority is recognised by the Greek Church. 'Well,' he replied, 'what of that? The eighth council may, very likely, come to a contrary decision on the matter.' What could have been his idea in uttering these imprudent words? It may be that he was ignorant of this point in ecclesiastical history; but, at all events, his words were regarded as an abominable blasphemy and an involuntary confession of Catholicism. It began to be whispered that this Tsar, so petulant, so full of contempt for ancient customs, might possibly not be a Russian, and that his orthodoxy was assuredly of a most suspicious character. As he loved magnificence, and affected to encourage the arts, he had caused to be placed at the door of a palace which he had just had built, a Cerberus in bronze, whose throat, says an annalist, gave forth a terrible noise whenever it was touched. This invention, the workmanship of some German mechanic, and which does small credit to the taste of Demetrius, appeared to the eyes of the people a piece of devilry, and a fit ensign for a wizard's laboratory. The pious annalist, from whom I borrow this anecdote, echoing, probably, the remarks of the Muscovite monks, regards it as presaging the abode which awaited the Tsar in eternity—'hell and darkness.'

He was not strong enough to be so strong with impunity. Had he been servile to the prejudices and interests of the powerful, he might have reigned long; but he wanted the low cunning of Louis Napoleon, whose power is gained by the means indicated in the energetic lines of Churchill:—

With that low cunning which in fools supplies,
And amply, too, the place of being wise,
Which Nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for the knave.

He married against etiquette, but he had not the unblushing art to declare (after having failed to get a princess) that he was about to inaugurate a new era, and marry according to the dictates of his heart:—

"The distrust and discontent of the zealots continued to increase, and were furnished with a still more plausible motive when it became known that Demetrius

intended to espouse Marina Mnisek, and that the Secretary of the Council, Afanassi Vlassief, was about to proceed to Poland with magnificent presents for the bride. A Latin woman on the throne of Russia! an unbaptised Polish girl for Tsarina! This was more than enough to revolt all orthodox consciences. The priests and monks surpassed all others in their active efforts to diffuse among the people all the calumnious or exaggerated rumours which might cast doubt either upon the faith of the Tsar or upon his rights to the throne of Ivan. In their discourses they compared him to Julian the Apostate, and all the truly royal qualities which they were compelled to recognise in Demetrius only became new features of resemblance to the persecutor of the Christians."

This was bad enough; but he went from bad to worse. He determined to make himself exactly acquainted with the revenues of the numerous monasteries in his empire, and loudly declared he saw no reason why lazy monks should live in abundance, whilst part of Christendom still remained subject to the Mussulman yoke. Reform began. The imprudent! Why did he not play into the hands of the priests? why did he not "save society," and prove himself the devoted servant of the Church? He wanted that low cunning, and he fell. His story is told in this volume, and we advise our readers to master it, if they have any feeling for history. The book is carefully translated by Mr. Scoble. It is ornamented with quaint portraits of Demetrius and his wife.

THE RELIGION FOR OUR AGE.

Ten Sermons on Religion. By Theodore Parker.

John Chapman.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

THE second and third sermons are on *Truth and the Intellect*, and *Justice and the Conscience*, or, to speak more explicitly, on Religion as viewed intellectually and morally. God contemplated from the intellect is Truth, contemplated from the conscience, Justice.

"Search after truth" is the great law of the mind, the great piety of the mind, its impulse and its blessing. We all profess to love truth; we all *do* love it, only our faint-heartedness makes us occasionally shrink back from it, fearing lest, after all, it "may be dangerous."

"According to his nature man loves truth with a pure and disinterested love, the strongest intellectual affection. The healthy eye does not more naturally turn to the light than the honest mind turns towards the truth. See how we seek after it in nature. All the National Academies, Institutes, and Royal Societies are but so many companies organized for the pursuit of truth—of truth chiefly in some outward form, materialized in the visible world. These societies propose no corporeal benefit to themselves, none to the human race. They love each truth of nature for its own fair sake. What is the pecuniary value of the satellites of Neptune to us? See how laborious naturalists ransack the globe to learn the truths writ in its element. One goes to Florida to look after some bones of a mastodon, hid in a bog some thousands of years ago; another curiously collects chips of stone from all the ledges of the world, lives and moves and has his being in the infra-carboniferous sandstones and shales, a companion of fossil plants and fossil shells. This crosses land and ocean to study the herbage of the earth; that, careless of ease and homefelt joys, devotes his life to mosses and lichens, which grow unheeded on the rocks; he loves them as if they were his own children, yet they return no corresponding smile, nor can he eat and drink of them. How the astronomer loves to learn the truth of the stars, which will not light his fire nor fill his children's hungry mouths! No Inquisition can stop Galileo in his starry quest. I have known a miser who loved money above all things; for this, would sacrifice reason, conscience, and religion, and break affection's bond; but it was the use of money that was loved, with a mean and most ignoble selfish lust, vulgarizing and depraving the man. The true disciple of science loves truth far more, with a disinterested love; will endure toil, privation, and self-denial, and encounter suffering for that. This love of truth will bless the lover all his days; yet, when he brings her home, his fair-faced bride, she comes empty-handed to his door, herself her only dower."

In proportion as men rise above the condition of savages they give themselves eagerly to the pursuit of truth.

"We value wisdom chiefly for its practical use, as the convenience of a weapon, not the function of a limb; and truth as a servant, not a bride. The reason of this seeming falseness to the intellectual instinct is found partly in the low development of man—the external precedes the spiritual in order of unfolding—and partly in this, that the human race is still too poor to indulge in merely intellectual delights, while material wants are not yet satisfied. Mankind rejoices in rough aprons of camel's hair, and feeds on locusts and wild honey, before there is purple and fine linen for all, with sumptuous faring every day. Even now a fourth part of the human family is as good as naked. It is too soon to ask men to rejoice exclusively in the beauty of wisdom, when they need its convenience so much. Let us not be too severe in our demands of men. God 'suffereth long, and is kind.'"

"Then, sour theologies confront us, calling wisdom 'foolish,' reason 'carnal,' scoffing at science with a priestly sneer, as if knowledge of God, of God's world, and of its laws, could disturb the natural service of God. We are warned against the 'arrogance of the philosopher,' but by the arrogance of the priest. We are told to shun 'the pride of wisdom;' alas! it is sometimes the pride of folly which gives the caution."

Here begins faint-heartedness. We say that we love truth, need it, call for it; but if it *seem* to contradict our opinions, it comes as an enemy.

"Even now, with us, amongst men desiring to be religious, there is an inherited fear of reason and of common sense. Science is thought a bad companion for Religion. Men are cautioned against 'free thinking' in religion, and, as all thinking must be free, against all thinking in that quarter. Even common sense is thought dangerous. Men in pews are a little afraid, when a strong man goes into the pulpit, lest he should shake the ill-bottomed fabric to the ground; men in pulpits are still more fearful. It is a strange fear, that the mind should drive the soul out of us, and our knowledge of God annihilate our love of God."

Yet how unwise this terror of Science! In studying the facts of nature we study the thoughts of God, for in the world of realities a fact is the direct speech of God. If, in looking up at the sky, we read there how,—to use the magnificent language of Alexander Smith—

"God's name is writ in worlds;"

—in looking into the crusts of the earth, and deciphering the pages of

that stony Bible—if in studying the marvels of zoology we alight upon direct evidence of a novel kind, shall we draw back, shut out the evidence, declare it "sinful," hate it as the suggestion of the Devil, because its teaching is contrary to our old teaching? If we believe God made the world, and gave us faculties whereby in some dim way we may understand it, shall we refuse to understand it? It were the worst of errors! Science is eminently religious. If some scientific men have been irreligious, have not many unscientific men been so?

"Men of science, as a class, do not war on the truths, the goodness, and the piety that are taught as religion, only on the errors, the evil, the impiety, which bear its name. Science is the natural ally of Religion. Shall we try and separate what God has joined? We injure both by the attempt. The philosophers of this age have a profound love of truth, and show great industry and boldness in search thereof. In the name of truth they pluck down the strongholds of error, venerable and old. But what a cry has been raised against them! It was pretended that they would root out religion from the hearts of mankind! It seems to me it would be better for men who love religion to understand philosophy before they declaim against 'the impiety of modern science.' The study of nature, of human history, or of human nature, might be a little more profitable than the habit of 'hawking at geology and schism.' A true philosophy is the only cure for a false philosophy."

The religious Intellect, therefore, will, above all things, seek and welcome Truth, believing all Truth to be harmonious.

"We often estimate the value of a nation by the truths it brings to light. To take the physical census, and know how many shall vote, we count the heads, and tell men off by millions—so many square miles of Russians, Tartars, or Chinese. But to take the spiritual census, and see what will be voted, you count the thoughts, tell of the great men, enumerate the truths. The nations may perish, the barbarian sweep over Thebes, the lovely places of Jerusalem become a standing pool, and the favourite spot of Socrates and Aristotle be grown up to brambles—yet Egypt, Judea, Athens, do not die; their truths live on, refusing death; and still these names are of a classic land. I do not think that God loves the men or the nations He visits with this lofty destiny better than He loves other ruder tribes or ruder men: but it is by this standard that we estimate the nations; a few truths make them immortal."

Let us here turn back a few pages to quote a passage which may well follow the one you have just read—

"This is a remarkable law of Providence, but a law it is; and cheering is it to know that all the good qualities you give example of, not only have a personal immortality in you beyond the grave, but a national, even a human, immortality on earth, and, while they bless you in heaven, are likewise safely invested in your brother man, and shall go down to the last posterity, blessing your nation and all mankind. So the great men of antiquity continue to help us—Moses, Confucius, Buddha, Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato—not to dwell upon the name dearest of all. These men and their fellows, known to all or long since forgotten of mankind—the aristocracy of heaven, whose patent of nobility dates direct from God—they added to the spiritual power of mankind. The wisdom they inherited or acquired was a personal gift, which at their death reverted to the human race. Not a poor boy in Christendom, not a man of genius, rejoicing in the plenitude of power, but is greater and nobler for these great men; not barely through his knowledge of their example, but because, so to say, they raised the temperature of the human world. For, as there is a physical temperature of the interstellar spaces, betwixt sun and sun, which may be called the temperature of the universe, so is there a spiritual temperature of the interpersonal spaces, a certain common temperature of spirit, not barely personal, not national alone, but human and of the race, which may be called the temperature of mankind."

What, then, is the primary commandment on the Intellect? To follow Truth! We must admit no fear but the fear of falsehood; we must believe all truth to be divine, harmonious, victorious. "Let me know a thing is true," exclaims Parker; "I know it has the omnipotence of God on its side."

We need not repeat the arguments by which Justice (or Truth in action) is shown to be the law of Conscience, the religion of Morality. What is said of Truth applies of course equally to Justice; the law of Right is the only law recognisable by the Conscience. Yet who will deny that—

"We need a great and conscious development of the moral element in man, and a corresponding expansion of justice in human affairs; an intentional application thereof to individual, domestic, social, ecclesiastical, and political life. In the old military civilization that was not possible; in the present industrial civilization it is not thought desirable by the mercantile chiefs of church and state. Hitherto, the actual functions of government, so far as it has been controlled by the will of the rulers, has commonly been this: To foster the strong at the expense of the weak, to protect the capitalist and tax the labourer. The powerful have sought a monopoly of development and enjoyment, loving to eat their morsel alone. Accordingly, little respect is paid to absolute justice by the controlling statesmen of the Christian world. Not conscience and the right is appealed to, but prudence and the expedient for to-day. Justice is forgotten in looking at interest, and political morality neglected for political economy; instead of national organization of the ideal right, we have only national housekeeping."

Parker complains that our culture of morality has not kept pace with our culture of the intellect.

"Do the churches accomplish this educational purpose for the moral sense? The popular clergy think miracles better than morality; and have even less justice than truth. They justify the popular sins in the name of God; are the allies of despotism in all its forms, military or industrial. Oppression by the sword and oppression by capital successively find favour with them. In America there are two common ecclesiastical defences of African slavery: the negroes are the descendants of Ham, who laughed at his father Noah—overtaken with drink—and so it is right that Ham's children, four thousand years later, should be slaves to the rest of the world; Slavery teaches the black men 'our blessed religion.' Such is ecclesiastical justice; and hence judge the value of the churches to educate the conscience of mankind. It is strange how little the clergy of Christendom, for fifteen hundred years, have done for the morality of the world; much for decorum, little for justice; a deal for ecclesiastical economy, but what for ecclesiastical righteousness?"

They put worship with the knee before the natural piety of the conscience. 'Trusting in good works' is an offence to the Christian church, as well Protestant as Catholic."

It seems a simple thing to say that Religion is love of Truth in the Intellect, and of Justice in the Conscience! What sect ever said otherwise? No sect perhaps ever said otherwise, but what sect ever allowed contradiction of its dogmas? What sect will admit a man to be truly religious, who having rejected the Code offered to him by men—rejected it because his Intellect declared it not true, and his Conscience as unjust—nevertheless lived a sincere life according to the truth and justice clear to his own soul? If Religion be the belief in, and practice of Truth, and not the belief in a Book, and the practice of what that Book dictates, Spinoza was a religious man: where is the sect which will canonize him? You will answer that the Book is Truth. It may be so; but if the Intellect cannot recognise it to be so—if the devout mind be absolutely repelled by it, what then must be the issue? Must the devout mind sham a belief, forego its own sincerity, doubt the plain language of its own convictions, and obey in act what it rebels against in thought? That were atheism.

MAGAZINE WEEK.

INSTEAD of noticing the Magazines in our summary as usual, we group the few remarks needful to be made into a brief article here.

The *British Quarterly Review* opens with an important article on *Bunsen's Hippolytus*, wherein, as we note with pleasure, the writer makes a good stand against the initial vice of all metaphysical (and let us add of most theological) reasoning—viz., the fallacy of taking the subjective view as tantamount to the objective reality—of supposing that our ideas must be equivalent to realities—or, as this writer puts it, "Because the thing is true to the Divine reason, it must be true to our reason. Because God knows the matter, man must be capable of knowing it. Whatever is dissonant must admit of solution, therefore man must be able to give us the solution." In the article on *Giusti*, the English reader will make acquaintance with a very remarkable Italian poet, whose name is not familiar except to Italian ears, and whose writings unhappily—at least such as we have seen—require a very peculiar local and political knowledge to make them thoroughly intelligible. *Mackay's Progress of the Intellect* forms the subject of a shallow article written in the very worst taste. *The Anatomy of Despotism* is well-written and well-timed. Let us also note that the reviews of books occupy a larger space in this quarterly, and are more carefully done than heretofore.

The *North British* opens with a wordy article on the *Prospects of France*, filled with opinions and details which have been paraded in the newspapers till they have grown wearisome. *Scottish Philosophy* is treated by a competent and enthusiastic writer, apropos of Sir William Hamilton. The author of *Friends in Council*, incomparably our best essayist, is selected as the text for a paper on the *Progressive Aspects of Literature*; but by far the most curious article is that on *The Sabbath in the Nineteenth Century*, which we commend to every lover of ingenuity as a perfect debauch of analogy. The writer begins by showing how everything is dual, that day is only day by the juxtaposition of night, every positive has its negative. He then unfolds the trinity of all things—Day, Night, and their relation. "Three in one is the deepest lying cypher of the universe." After this incursion into Schelling's domain, he proceeds to show the significance of number Five. As a display of arithmetical pyrotechnics this is very amusing. One must not scrutinize the examples too closely. Strange work is made of transcendental anatomy, for instance in this passage, "Then the higher animal trunk (even such as occurs in the cetaceous sea-brutes or great whales of the fifth day) itself containing five well-marked compartments, sends out five limbs, two hind legs, two fore-legs, or arms, or wings, and one neck:—for the innocent reader must understand that these new anatomists consider the animal head as nothing more than the last vertebra or end bone of the neck developed to extravagance." The innocent reader must understand nothing of the kind! He must understand in the first place that whales have only one pair not two pair of limbs; in the second, that the neck is not a limb at all; and that although Dumeril, who was among the first to suspect the vertebral structure of the skull, called it an expansion of the end bone of the neck, the other "new anatomists"—viz., Goethe, Oken, Spix, Carus, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, and Owen, considered it as made up of several vertebrae; three, four, six, and seven have by turns been insisted on, and now finally Owen has settled the question by resolving the skull into four vertebrae. But our author, rising with his subject, next arrives at the mystic number Seven, and discourses in his quaint style on the "Sevensomeness of Man." It is here we begin to see the drift of all this Pythagorean respect for numbers; the *Seventh Day* comes with extra sanctity from this discussion. We must, however, send the reader to the article to judge for himself of its ingenuity and philosophical frivolity.

Passing to *Blackwood*, we find a charming article on the *Garden*; and an elaborate and curious paper on the *Eleusinian Mysteries*. In *Fraser* a searching and striking paper on Louis Napoleon and his panegyrists, written by one evidently full master of all the details; and a deserved but terrible exposure of the huge bookmaker, Thomas Kerchever Arnold, whose want of scholarship and ability are unsparingly dragged to light. Great good is done by the execution of literary malefactors, and *Fraser* has once or twice lately deserved all thanks for its vigour in that unpleasant office. *Bentley's Miscellany*, besides its customary light articles, contains an amusing paper on the Cobra de capello, in which we meet with a fact new to us—viz., that the cobra, like the common viper, is excited to rage by the colour red, and that if you shake a red handkerchief before the cage in which the cobras are, they will fly at it. Thus it appears that an irrational hatred to scarlet is not monopolised by bulls and Protestants!

The monthly part of *Diogenes*, a rival to *Punch*, is before us, although rivalry is repudiated by the editor. The illustrations are very unequal, but some of them are admirable. The same may be said of the literature—there is fun and sarcasm in it, but it is unequal. Louis Napoleon, Charles Kean, Albert Smith, and *Vivian* are made the "laughing stogs"

of this gay *Diogenes*, who has, however, we note with pleasure, none of the cynicism or dirt of his ancient namesake.

John Cassell's *Illustrated Magazine of Art* is a marvel of cheap beauty. The engravings, so profusely scattered through it, are remarkable specimens of the advance made in this branch of art.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

Digit Grand: an Autobiography. By G. J. W. Melville. 2 vols. J. W. Parker and Son.
Analysis of the History and Constitution of England. By J. M. Menzies. Longman, Brown, Green, and Co.
"My Novel." By Fieistratus Caxton, or *Varieties in English Life.* By Sir E. B. Lytton. 4 vols. Blackwood and Son.
Tail's Edinburgh Magazine. Partridge and Oakley.
Crime: its Amount, Causes, and Remedies. By F. Hill. John Murray.
Pufam's Monthly Magazine. Sampson, Low, Son, and Co.
The Peak and the Plain. By S. T. Hall. Houlston and Co.

Portfolio.

We should do our utmost to encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourages itself.—*Goethe.*

The Works of the Old Painters:

THEIR RUIN AND RENOVATION.

BY HENRY MERRITT.

"Who, in contemplating one of Raphael's finest pictures, fresh from the master's hand, ever bestowed a thought on the wretched little worm which works its destruction?"
 MARIA EDGEWORTH.

CHAPTER VI.

VANDYKE'S PROCESS OF PAINTING.

COMMON with the school of Rubens, Vandyke commenced his pictures by painting the shadows in transparent brown colour, on a ground of a whitish brown tint. The restorer has reason to note this first transparent wash with more solicitude than any other part of the process by which the picture was completed. Vandyke's most valued works are those which are most transparent in the shadows; and he commanded this excellent quality by working up the dark parts of the picture before he supplied the lighter. He never confounded them; each had its allotted place, subject to distinct and separate treatment. When the picture was completed, the first shadowings were to be seen in every part of the representation. Thus, for instance, in the trunk of a hollow tree, the moss, or loose pieces of bark, would be loaded with full layers of body colour, accordingly as they were more or less in the light; while the dark, hollow fissures, would present nothing but the transparent wash, more or less visible as the nature of the subject required.

Why Vandyke's shadows require so much attention, is owing to their being composed of a thin dark colour, on a light ground, which is easily rubbed off. The fear is, that while cleaning the face, the shadows of the hair, eyes, nose, lips, chin, and ears, may be rubbed and impoverished. This invariably happens when the inexperienced attempt to clean pictures of this class. If they try a portion of a picture by way of experiment, it is usually some light part; successful there, they conclude all is right, proceed indiscriminately with the rest; and so the shadows, which are the chief cause of the brilliancy of the colours, vanish in an instant. In lieu of the intelligent life-like face, nothing remains but an empty and meaningless mask, the mere ghost of the departed picture.

It is the peculiar transparency in Vandyke's shadows that prevents his best works from being successfully copied. Copies may be known by the absence of this quality. This skilful painter calculated the process of the picture from first to last, and estimated the effect of every touch. The power to do this seldom or never belongs to the copyist.

The English landscape painter who delights in picturing the pebbled brook, with its fringe of hawthorn and willow, with its sunlit, chequered surface teeming with flowers, very soon learns by experience that he cannot produce on canvas the effects which he sees, but by securing transparent shadows. The lily, that glows and appears so pure while resting on the bosom of the water, if plucked and laid upon an opaque surface, loses its pure and glowing tenderness. So it is with the light opaque tints of a picture; unless they have a foil in shadows of an opposite quality, they never appear fresh and beautiful. However the uninitiated may pass them by, the artist cannot be too mindful of the shaded parts of his picture. The bright or light parts of natural objects appear to fix the whole attention of the un-cultivated, who give to the quiet portions, or the shadows, little consideration. Careless observers do not note that, in fine pictures, shadows are of several kinds, transparent or not, according to the nature of the object shaded; and that they are of many degrees of darkness, and of various colours; that they are ruled by regular laws, and subject to numerous irregularities, in respect to tone and colour, and the fluctuation of lights and changing hues reflected from surrounding objects. To the uninitiated there is a dark side of the picture and a light side of the picture, simply. From such, the light side attracts the greatest share of attention, merely because it usually displays the most attractive colours and the chief portion of the subject, not because there is most art in that part of the picture—not because the artist surmounted the greatest difficulties in the brighter half of the scene—for although less noted by ordinary observers, the shadows in high-class pictures cost the painters infinitely more pains than

any other portions. To the management of the shadows every form is indebted for its relief, and every colour for its variety, force, and lustre. The dark parts of a picture are not only neglected by superficial observers, they do not commonly attract the attention of the cultivated. The shadows of a picture by Correggio might become many degrees darker, the fainter ones be altogether obliterated, and few would detect the absence and loss of them; but if a decided defect, a blot or a stain, however small, existed in any of the light parts, a child would almost discover it. If a person indifferently conversant with Art, wishes to trace the merits of a picture, he fixes his attention on the lights, and never considers the shadows. If an uninformed person attempt to clean a picture, the dark parts are probably either deemed inconsiderable, and escape unmolested; or, what is worse, get removed, especially if they be of that transparent, luminous, space-creating kind just now referred to, as peculiarly excellent in the works of Vandyke.

Some would suggest that it were better to make Rembrandt, as the greatest artist of shadow painting, the master whose works should form the basis of these remarks, but it has been thought necessary to ask for that painter a separate place in the consideration of the restorer.

When pictures are to be cleaned, which are painted in the manner of Rubens, the pictures of Vandyke are the proper study for the cleaner.

Vandyke's pictures also contain a species of shadow which was introduced in finishing the picture, by washing transparent colours over the opaque colours, and also over the shadows, where they required more depth and richness. This mode of using transparent colours (called glazing) was frequently employed by Vandyke, both in the flesh and rich draperies. It will be necessary to consider these external shadows (so called) because they are added after the body colours are laid on, just as the first shadows were washed on the ground of the panel; otherwise the finishing shadows are no more external than the parts of the first shadows which are seen in the completed picture. The first shadows must throughout be considered as the most delicate portion of the visible work.

After the external shadows, the portions of the picture to be considered are the greys, or the transition lights of the flesh. In a portrait of Charles the First, Vandyke furnished a very perfect example of the management of these lights. In this instance, beside breaking the sharp pointed angle, and blending the forehead into the half shadows of the temple, the grey lights also serve by contrast to give an additional beauty to the flesh tints.

These grey lights are given in Vandyke's works with great precision, and form a distinct and peculiar feature in the school of Rubens. In Vandyke they are most delicate, and are very evident upon close inspection, but soften to the eye when the picture is seen from a proper distance, whence they have all the appearance of real lights, such as (under happy circumstances) the cultivated eye detects in natural objects.

With the transition lights may be included those reflected ones, which are certain almost imperceptible illuminated parts relieving the objects from the background, as on the dark side of the face where it melts into the space beyond.

Vandyke has been described as working with certainty and niceness of calculation, with a consciousness of certain results from a consistent process, yet even he, on the completion of a picture, found it necessary to revive and retouch minute particulars omitted in the regular process. The restorer should always assume the existence of these small concluding touches. They are small but important corrections, niceties of expression suggested by after reflections; minute particularizations necessary to definiteness, or to break anything too marked; in fact, critical retouchings.

In contemplating a picture by Vandyke, the spectator does not perceive (it was not intended that he should) a thousand nice discriminating points in every feature—in eye, nose, mouth, and chin: not only to make each perfect in itself, but chiefly to harmonize the whole. All this after care was essential to satisfy the connoisseur, the physiognomist, the artist, and the anatomist, to define all differences of age and sex, and the various peculiarities of character, and the qualities of human nature.

The works of Rubens and Vandyke are like similar flowers of different culture. Those of Rubens growing in the open air and sunlight, bold, masculine, and strong; those of Vandyke forced beneath glass by artificial heat, fragile, slender, and graceful. The same structure is in both, the difference only one of development. Nothing is more obvious than the necessity of being specially mindful of the more delicate, so that in a general calculation of the nature of pictures of a particular class or school the most susceptible of injury (as Vandyke's in the school of Rubens) may be most cared for.

CHAPTER VII.

REMBRANDT.

It is often thought surprising that the works of the barbarous Fleming should rank in the connoisseur's estimation almost as high as the works of the learned and graceful Raphael; yet we are much deceived if any painter has done more for the triumph of his art than this grand and solitary miller's son. His pencil recognised the meanest things, and glorified the rags and tatters of the vilest outcast. The vulgar, the hideous, and the repulsive, touched by his pencil, became eloquent and impressive. Misery, vice and crime, desolation and violence, found a ready access to the serene cabinets

of the wealthy and refined. The dens of infamy, the haunts of squalor, nay, the horrors of the tomb, even the putrefying corpse, tortured and warped by disease, endowed with a new life and light by the genius of Rembrandt, came to be the delight of palaces, and to exact the homage of Europe.

A heap of stones, and a solitary limping mendicant, painted on a few square inches of wood, will be an object of competition; collectors swarm around, covet it, and become as children in their unaffected admiration. No word escapes them touching the choice of subject, no one regrets its meanness, no one believes it mean. Such vagabonds as Rembrandt paints, the critics shun in the streets. Every sense is offended by the reality, and yet every beholder is charmed by the transcript. Wherein then is this magic which enables the painter so to win the homage of the fastidious? Rembrandt's beggars, culprits, and executioners, have the lineaments of the unmitigated realities they picture. Guilt, cunning, avarice, and infamy, are stereotyped in every line of the face. Were they alive, we would turn aside, nor suffer them to start up in our paths, infest our streets, and prowl about our homes. Living, they baffle the intelligent, and overawe the proud, but in the pictures of Rembrandt they captivate and charm. What transformation have these objects undergone at the painter's hands that they appeal to sight with all this fascination? The choice of subject certainly cost the painter no effort, but his whole art was exhausted in the setting, in making it effective, in rendering it *dramatic* in the fullest sense of that term.

The art of Rembrandt, considered in respect to design, consists in giving to each character of his selection the lineaments which truly belong to it. His lines go home to the truth; they express all and no more; they never exaggerate. If they are forcible it is because they are accurate. If the forms they delineate are hideous it is because the models were deformed; if they lack beauty and gracefulness it is because the sitters whom the artist affectioned excelled in ugliness. It is the same with his colours. They are all truth; uncompromising truth. The flesh looks like flesh, and nothing else beside. You need no simile to explain what his colouring is like. Fix upon the local colours of any object, take into consideration the sort of light in which they are seen, and they are truthful to a shade. They are always vivid, never staring. He knew the precise degree in which the contrast of opposing tints was to be risked, when it produced variety and force, and when its results were confusion and vulgarity. He could give tangible existence to the fleeting hues and transient effects of light and darkness with as much ease as ordinary Dutch painters transcribed the appearance of fixed objects. He revelled like an adept in the shadows of the night, peered wistfully into the solemn darkness, and drew order and system out of the portentous chaos. By the blaze of torch or the wavering embers, he saw in the profound gloom immensity of space. And whatever of interest or of wonder the eye comprehended, the hand as readily expressed. Thus he was empowered to endow common objects with sublime aspects. As an instance of what we mean, let us analyze one of his typical pictures.

Night has closed in over the distant horizon, the robbers have shaken off repose, and stand equipped and ready for the prey. The chief's eye, already on the road, detects the unsteady light of the traveller's torch, and, in gloomy patience, awaits the victim's coming. A moment more, and the torch, an unconscious traitor, lights up the banditti and their prey. This is the moment the painter has seized. The scowling crew, in all the mummery of antique garb, savage gesture, and implements of death, stand out in terrible relief. The tall chief plants his gaunt figure in the front, the rest, in straggling groups, fall into the darkening background, and gather apart into dark and threatening clusters: the more remote, like jagged rocks, which the imagination shapes into demons. The chief's grizzled beard, keenly parted lips, and lowering eye, overshadowed by the ample brim and dusky plume, compose a portrait at once ferocious and grotesque, such as Frédéric Lemaître would "make up" with real gusto. It is the ideal of a degraded gentleman who will rob you with a grim ceremony, and afterwards murder you with business-like calmness and dexterity.

A lurid vapour closes in the spot, half revealing a narrow gorge, through which the eye, like a fugitive, fitfully pursues the far-off lightning's beckoning track. There seems no limit to the scene, which, like the valley of the shadow of death, is full of horrors.

How different a theme, and how differently conceived, is that small and, at first glance, insignificant picture, entitled "Jacob's Dream." From the rude heap on which the travel-worn son of Isaac sleeps, to the opening in the amber clouds, seems to reach away into illimitable distance a road from earth to heaven, paved with glowing gems. The sleeper is utterly wanting in dignity, a mere pedlar in hob-nailed boots; the angels faintly sketched in, with ragged wings, mere specks, only distinguishable from the varied shapes of the clouds, which form the interminable pathway through the sky. A warm and tranquil light shuts out the gloom, and breathes warmth upon the brief space around the wanderer's pillow, making that dreary wilderness a smiling nook of rest.

Nor was Rembrandt less potent, when, at his spell, the calm sunless daylight flooded his canvass with tranquillity. Witness that master-work of his at the Hague. The livid-pale corpse and passionless countenances of the physicians, once beheld, in their awful solemnity, are never more forgotten. The blank, stone slabs, dark with the presence of the living, seem like the tomb and shadowy pall of the departed. And those doctors! Life-blood sparkles in their veins; their eyes are deep and full of thought,

and lustrous as the diamond's blaze. The clay-cold dead is as a tablet, on which may be read the sufferings of the living man. Every vein and artery in dismal hieroglyphics, proclaim a history of sorrow and of anguish.

The works of Rembrandt demand to be objects of special contemplation, and to be studied one by one, apart. Each is a distinct drama, self-contained. Let the restorer approach them with reverence. The fire of genius burns in every touch!

The Arts.

OPENING OF THE FRENCH PLAYS.

THERE is no theatre I so thoroughly enjoy as the St. James's, when Mr. Mitchell invites us there with his gay troupe of French comedians. In the first place, one meets "everybody" there. You know what a small circle "everybody" makes in London! In the next place, you are so *en famille*, that you are enabled to note, with pleased astonishment, that a grave important person—*un homme sérieux*—like Viscount Noodle, or the great Potts, "of the firm of Potts, Pans, and Co.," unbends to gracious laughter just like an ordinary mortal; and you begin to think, "after all, laughter may not be so frivolous." Moreover, there is young Lord Boodle, who, although in a drawing-room he scarcely raises his voice above a languid whisper, deems himself bound—*noblesse oblige*!—to talk louder than the actors, and the polite audience is too well bred to shout "turn him out." This is so gratifying to us snobs! we actually hear the opinions of that well-bred young nobleman! we hear his voice! we catch the verdict! we are saved the trouble of criticism, for he assures us that "Wavel is weally capital; so wevly dwoll! But the piece is twash—oh! damn it, twash, and no mistake!"

Nor is this the only criticism we hear. Lady Dawdle, who is ancient and not handsome, and whose views of the French language seem to be imperfect, to judge by the few phrases we hear, tells us in a loud voice while waiting in the crush room, "We have no actors like the French!" This criticism I hear till patience is exhausted, and I don't think Lady Dawdle is handsome enough to reconcile me to it. Let us understand the matter. As a general rule, French actors are certainly better than ours. But the French stage can show no actors superior to Charles Mathews, Keeley, or Mrs. Keeley, (I stop there, lest, if I went further, it should look invidious.) I know the French stage well, and greatly enjoy it, but three such actors in their peculiar departments it does not possess. Then, as to the general run of actors we have over here, only a very unskilful eye could fail to distinguish every variety of badness in them; they are better taught than ours, and have at home a more critical and exacting public; but in intelligence and feeling, they are as conventional as ours, with this difference in their favour, *that English audiences are not aware of these conventionalisms*, so that what is really commonplace passes for excellence. St. Marie, Langeval, Tourillon, and others of our troupe are bad actors, and only seem good actors to those who want a proper standard of comparison.

It was the same with the German troupe. You may remember how coldly I spoke of Devrient and the others, and how enthusiastically the public and the press received them. I then hinted that the reason was because our public could not discriminate between the foreigner and the actor. Well, what I then said has since received a striking illustration. An English troop of unnamed unnameable actors has been playing in various parts of Germany, and Mr. Ira Aldridge, the African, has been the *Othello* of this troop. Most of you know pretty well what sort of actor he is thought to be in England; nevertheless, he has been received with immense applause, and the papers pronounce him a first-rate Shakesperian actor! Now I do not say that Devrient is of the same rank as Ira Aldridge, but I do say that if we in England could judge of him as intently as we can Aldridge, we should say very little about him.

"But all this has nothing to do with Ravel and the new pieces!" *Vous croyez?* It has *this* to do with them,—that I choose to make it the preface; surely a man may write what preface he likes? My pen runs on like that of "an agreeable rattle," and if you don't care to follow it, skip!

Ravel and the new pieces? Well, they are outrageously amusing, and none the less so for being of the farce farcical. I was going to tell you in detail why I like the French plays so much; but as you object to digressions, and think my office is to confine myself to the matter in hand, (as if a digression were not equally a matter in hand!) I refrain. I curb my Pegasus. I clip the wide-wandering wings of Fancy. I become a reporter.

Un Monsieur qui suit les femmes shows us a young gentleman of adventurous and amatory turn of mind, whose passion and whose business it is to follow every pretty woman he sees, and, if possible, to make her acquaintance, not with strictly matrimonial views. One of his persecuted charmers, after a long pursuit, relents, invites him to accompany her home, presents him to her husband and guests as the gentleman whom she has not the pleasure of knowing. This was a very ingenious turn, and promised great fun; the promise was kept as far as Ravel was concerned, but the incidents of the denouement were stagey and not amusing.

York is a Palais Royal farce, very laughable, *un peu risquée*, and not over probable: but laughter stuns criticism, and I am, ashamed to say how much I laughed. Ravel is not only a droll, he is an actor. He represents *character*. The humour with which he represents it, the farce with which he embroiders it, may make one at first forgetful of the substantial truth there is in his personation. But compare his performance in *Un Monsieur qui suit les femmes* with that in *York*, and you will observe how differently he embodies different characters. Let me not forget to point your attention to Emma Fleury, the debutante; she is very young, apparently not more than seventeen, but she is natural, intelligent, pretty, and gives promise of becoming an actress.

VIVIAN.

A GIRL TO LOVE.—It was when she was living where she loved to live, in the old country-house, among the old friends and old servants who would every one of them have died a hundred deaths for her sake, that you could study and love her best. Then, the charm there was in the mere presence of the kind, gentle, happy young English girl, who could enter into everybody's interests and be grateful for everybody's love, possessed its best and brightest influence. At pic-nics, lawn-parties, little country gatherings of all sorts, she was, in her own quiet, natural manner, always the presiding spirit of general comfort and general friendship. Even the rigid laws of country punctilio relaxed before her unaffected cheerfulness and irresistible good-nature. She always contrived—nobody ever knew how—to lure the most formal people into forgetting their formality, and becoming natural for the rest of the day. Even a heavy-headed, lumbering, silent country squire, was not too much for her. She managed to make him feel at his ease, when no one else would undertake the task; she could listen patiently to his confused speeches about dogs, horses, and the state of the crops, when other conversations were proceeding in which she was really interested; she could receive any little grateful attention that he wished to pay her—no matter how awkward or ill-timed—as she received attentions from any one else, with a manner which showed she considered it as a favour granted to her sex, not as a right accorded to it.—COLLINS'S Basil.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE. BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK. (CLOSING PRICES.)

	Satur.	Mond.	Tues.	Wedn.	Thurs.	Frid.
Bank Stock	227 1/2	228 1/2	228 1/2	228 1/2	227 1/2	227 1/2
3 per Cent. Red.	100 1/2	100 1/2	100 1/2	100 1/2	100 1/2	100 1/2
3 per Cent. Con. Ans.	99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2
Consols for Account	99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2
3 1/2 per Cent. An.	103 1/2	103 1/2	103 1/2	103 1/2	103 1/2	103 1/2
New 5 per Cents.						
Long Ans., 1850	6 7-16	6 7-16	6 7-16	6 7-16	6 7-16	6 7-16
India Stock	27 1/2	27 1/2	27 1/2	27 1/2	27 1/2	27 1/2
Ditto Bonds, £1000	69	69	69	69	69	69
Ditto, under £1000	70	69	69	69	69	69
Ex. Bills, £1000	57 1/2	57 1/2	55 1/2	55 1/2	55 1/2	55 1/2
Ditto, £500	57 1/2	57 1/2	55 1/2	55 1/2	55 1/2	55 1/2
Ditto, Small	57 1/2	57 1/2	55 1/2	55 1/2	55 1/2	55 1/2

FOREIGN FUNDS.

(LAST OFFICIAL QUOTATION DURING THE WEEK ENDING
FRIDAY EVENING.)

Brazilian Bonds	102 1/2	Swedish Loan	2 dis.
Granada Deferred	11 1/2	Turkish Loan, 6 per Cent.	1852
Mexican 3 per Cent. Acct.	22 1/2	Venezuela	38
February 14	22 1/2	Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif.	97 1/2
Spanish 3 per Cent. New Def.			
Account, February 14	22 1/2		

ELEMENTARY DRAWING FOR FEMALE CLASSES.

DEPARTMENT OF PRACTICAL ART.—FEMALE SCHOOL, 37, GOWER-STREET, BEDFORD-SQUARE.

In order to afford to persons who may be engaged in the day-time facilities for learning to Draw, the Board of Trade have directed that the Female School of Art, 37, Gower-Street, shall be open on the Evenings of Monday and Wednesday, from Six to Eight o'clock.

The Fees for attendance are as follows: Entrance Fee 2s.; Instruction 3s. a month, 7s. for three months, and 10s. for six months, paid in advance.

Forms of Admission and other information may be obtained at 37, Gower-Street, and Marlborough-House, between the hours of Eleven and Three.

W. R. DEVERELL, Secretary.
Marlborough-House, 15th January, 1853.

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The mode of Allotment is as follows:—When an estate is purchased the Surveyor makes a plan of it, divides it into two parts, and after having divided it into two parts, subdivides these parts into lots; the lots of the first part become the respective properties of the Senior Members on the books of the Association, and the lots of the second part are allotted for amongst the remaining Members generally. Thus the Senior Member is certain of his allotment, and the Junior Member, even at that time, has a chance of his Allotment; but even if unsuccessful in the ballot, when in succession he shall stand in the position of the Senior Member, he will possess the same certainty as was realized by that individual.

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A PUBLIC MEETING will be held in the Parthenon, St. Martin's Lane, on Monday, February 14th, 1853, to explain the objects of the Association. Messrs. Robert Cooper, G. Bird, C. F. Nicholls, and other Gentlemen, will attend and address the Meeting. The Chair to be taken at Half-past Eight o'clock.

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10	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
10	0 0 7	0 0 11	0 1 3	0 1 6
12	0 0 8	0 0 11	0 1 3	0 1 7
15	0 0 8	0 1 0	0 1 4	0 1 8
18	0 0 9	0 1 1	0 1 5	0 1 9
20	0 0 9	0 1 1	0 1 6	0 1 10
22	0 0 10	0 1 2	0 1 7	0 1 11
25	0 0 10	0 1 3	0 1 8	0 2 1
28	0 0 10	0 1 4	0 1 9	0 2 2
30	0 0 11	0 1 4	0 1 10	0 2 3
32	0 1 0	0 1 5	0 1 11	0 2 5
35	0 1 0	0 1 6	0 2 0	0 2 6
37	0 1 1	0 1 8	0 2 2	0 2 9
40	0 1 3	0 1 9	0 2 4	0 2 11
42	0 1 4	0 2 0	0 2 6	0 3 0
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10	0 13 1	0 14 10	1 7 4	1 12 6
15	0 14 9	0 16 6	1 9 10	1 15 2
20	0 17 7	0 19 7	1 13 11	1 19 5
25	1 1 1	1 3 0	1 18 7	2 4 3
30	1 4 4	1 6 7	2 3 11	2 9 9
35	1 8 2	1 10 6	2 10 6	2 16 6
40	1 13 0	1 14 2	2 18 3	3 4 5
45	1 15 9	2 0 5	3 9 3	3 15 7
50	2 4 6	2 10 4	4 3 3	4 9 9
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